THE COMMONWEAL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Hell Returns to the News 85
Week by Week 86
The Assassination in France 89
Ordeal by Hunger .....Joseph Michael Lalley 91
The Place of Ireland.....Thomas F. Healy 93
A Lay of Discontent (*verse*)....Joseph Lewis French 95
The Negro Challenges Communism...John T. Gillard 96
God's Bird Am I (*verse*).....H. H. S. 98
Mr. Justice Cardozo.....Robert L. McWilliams 99
Tolerance in China.....William A. Maguire 100
Glory and Taxation.....Alleyne Ireland 101
Communications 102
Books .....Richard J. Purcell, Cuthbert Wright, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Lindsay Crawford, Edwin Clark, Paul Crowley, Grenville Vernon, Linda Maley O'Hara 106

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HELL RETURNS TO THE NEWS

HOW PROFOUND was the shock of horror caused by the murder of the Lindbergh baby was strangely illustrated by a coincidence in journalism. In the *World-Telegram,* of New York, there was a powerful cartoon showing the murderer at the closed gates of hell—shut against him, for the devils of hell reject him; he is condemned to everlasting loneliness and solitude. On the same day, the New York *Times* said:

"It is inconceivable that any member of the race which is assumed to bear the image of God could, unless robbed of all reason, be guilty of such cowardly and devilish cruelty. There could be no welcome for him even by the fallen angels in hell."

From all parts of the Western world there came a flood of despatches, telling about the people in the streets of Mexico City shouting their rage against the baby-killer, and mountaineers of remote portions of South America trudging away from the towns to their lonely villages to bear the dreadful news of the slaying of the *chico,* the "little one," and strangers in the streets of Paris and Berlin and London fraternizing before the bulletin boards of newspaper offices, exchanging their words of detestation of the criminal who in striking down the Lindbergh child had threatened childhood everywhere.

"People would understand better the popular fury against the witches," says Chesterton, in one of the most powerful chapters of his great book, "The Everlasting Man," "if they remembered that the malice most commonly attributed to them was preventing the birth of children. . . . This sense that the forces of evil especially threaten childhood is found again in the enormous popularity of the child martyr of the middle ages. Chaucer did give but another version of a very national English legend, when he conceived the wickedest of all possible witches as the dark alien woman watching behind her high lattice and hearing, like the babble of a brook down the stony street, the singing of little Saint Hugh."

Out of the world's literature, writers striving to express something at least of the universal sense of angry horror which has swept over humanity have recalled instances or denunciations of child murder. Shakespeare's denunciation of the assassins of the boy king in "Henry IV," the touch of pity shown by the slayer of Hector's baby in Homer, the slaughter of the innocents by Herod, all have been recalled.

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Quite apart from the sentiments of deepest sympathy for the stricken parents of the murdered child, and the warm human instinct to share, so far as the impossible may be attempted, in their sorrow, there is everywhere a recognition that this frightful crime has revealed, as if by a flare of hell-fire, the dangers threatening all children—not only the particular peril that this or that individual boy or girl may be the next victim of a similar outrage, but the common danger that surrounds all childhood in a time like this when crime, instead of being the furtive, the exceptional, the comparatively controlled thing of normal society, has become a plague, an inescapable factor of human life, afflicting everybody directly or indirectly. It is too powerful to be restrained by the present strength of the police and the law courts. It is financed like a major industry. It has its purchased or its connatural allies and agents in all ranks and departments of our social, political, professional and business circles.

In a word, crime is now so all-prevalent, so contagious and so destructive that at last, even in the pages of the secular press—the mirror of the secularized world—there appear at least faint signs of the recognition of the fact that behind crime, and explaining it, there is something worse: there is sin. Hell and its agents return to the news. Perhaps, after all, there is a chance that such men as the chosen servants of the public good who formed the Wickersham Commission to investigate American crime, and secular journalists, and educators, and philanthropists—all the leaders of secular thought and action—may once more remember what a more ancient and more modern, a more persistent and more permanent, thing than any and all forms of purely secular theorizing, which is the Christian religion, has to teach concerning one of the major causes of the flood of crime which today has risen up out of the cloaca of society. And that major cause is simply that which secularized thought has striven to deny, or ignore—the devil: the active, living, personal spiritual force of evil, that which tempts and betrays men and women in their souls, that which by denying or ignoring God, leads human beings into sin.

And what is sin but the warring, the rebellion, of men and women against that which is good—ranging from the least of all possible forms of departure from integral rectitude to such corruptions and perversions and outrageous acts of evil as from time to time stagger the souls of even the most sophisticated observers of life, as in the instance of the Lindbergh murder?

We who are Catholics—especially those of us who desire to have Catholic teaching play an adequate part today, when humanity is struggling between the ruins of a world that is dying and the parturition of a world striving to be born—cannot afford in any indifferent, or careless, or perfunctory spirit, to listen to or join in the prayer said at every Mass, asking for help against "Satan and his evil spirits roaming throughout the world seeking to ruin the souls of men." Above all, we must not even seem by our silence, or by our tacit approval, to consent to the theories which seek to explain away the reality or the personality of the spirits of evil by vague and meaningless notions that what are termed pathological or psychological or, worse still, sociological causes, alone produce or cause crime and sin. As Christians, we know—or else we are not Christians—that our battle is not mainly against evils caused by physical reasons alone, or maladjustments of our social system alone, for our battle is against that most evil one who in the beginning rebelled against his Creator, and who ever since has sought to involve God's children, the race of men, in his disobedience and his punishment.

Any philosophy that seeks to explain human life and to offer principles on which society may be reformed and improved, and denies the reality of spiritual evil and its effects upon the spiritual elements in humanity, or any social system based upon such a philosophy, cannot be accepted by Christians. The present universal disorder of society brings mankind face to face with the choice which each unit of humanity must some time inevitably make—the personal, deliberate act of the will by which the human soul, acting through its conscience, chooses to follow God, and thus to live for good, or says to evil, "Be thou my good." This is the crisis which is the supreme problem of today. The economic, political, racial and international questions of the age must be met on the final field of fundamental action—which is religion.

WEEK BY WEEK

The Turn of the Tweezers

TO WHAT extent business has lived in apprehension of Congress can only be estimated, but if clues piling up in the press, on the radio and round about the exchanges can be taken at face value, the nation was in a kind of political panic during the final days of last week. The complete collapse of the House, which voted a catalogue of economies into shreds, drew from the country at large such volleys of criticism that it was relatively easy for the President to emerge with a sharp reprimand. This in turn was the greatest boon which fate has granted the Republicans during four years, and has therefore been resented in print by not a few Democrats. All must realize, however, that some of the major campaigning of this election year will be done before Congress adjourns. The budget issue has now been passed to the Senate, which is being encouraged to deal with the problem "nationally." Optimism is officially said to prevail in the White House and elsewhere. But anyone who has studied the intricacies and difficulties of the subject will not be too ready to believe that Cape Horn has already been rounded. Indeed, as we write, the Senate seems headed for a hard summer's work.

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A MAJOR question everywhere is this: what will happen when relief funds, already squeezed pretty hard, have nothing more to offer the unemployed? There are some who answer very pessimistically, announcing that riots and other forms of revolutionary action will be general before the summer is over. And probably there is no one who now speaks as deprecatingly of doles as was the fashion a year ago. It may be observed, however, that to date the federal government has not been directly concerned with relief. There were, indeed, good reasons why it ought to shy from the amiable task of playing fairy godmother to states and municipalities, all of which must meet the problem of economizing and providing as squarely as any decent, solvent gentleman faces his bills. Yet the suspicion has lingered, and in many quarters grown to certainty, that some federal move on a grand scale ought to be undertaken. In response to a recent plea for relief funds made by Senator Joseph T. Robinson, the President has apparently endorsed a plan to empower the Reconstruction Corporation to lend a $1,500,000,000 to states and to "public bodies or private enterprises" undertaking "self-sustaining enterprises." This idea has, to our mind, one great advantage over such "inflationary" measures as the proposed La Follette-Costigan Bill or the far more hazardous bonus. It affords a definite curb over the use of government funds. While we have always believed that remedial effort must concentrate on making money available for corporate spending, we feel that nothing could be more disastrous than running the nation into abysmal debt through wildcat schemes which may furnish employment but would have to be reckoned, later on, among the defunct curiosities of circus history and the minor insanities of mankind. If the nation as a whole will now support this idea, as it seems to be upholding the demand for a properly balanced budget, the future may soon appear somewhat less vague and dark than a winter night in Spitzbergen.

IN COMPANY with all normal humanity throughout the world, we offer our compassion to Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh at the tragic conclusion of the search for their kidnapped child. There is little to say that has not been said many times over, since the peculiar ferocity of the crime came to light by accidental discovery. We need not stress—for it will grow into a grim legend without our help—the weird ineptitude of a police hunt that combed the dens of Chicago, invaded transatlantic liners, detained suspects on the continent of Europe, and yet passed over the small exposed body, or its fresh grave, five miles from Hopewell and within seventy-five feet of a highway. We need not define, for all men already feel, the sustained and satanic cruelty of the criminal who, after killing the child, whether by design or in a panic could trick the parents into payment by playing on what he knew to be a hopeless hope, and could plan on repeating the coup and indefinitely spinning out their agony. All men feel this, we repeat. May the death of this beautiful and innocent little boy do more than awaken universal horror and grief. May it arouse us all to attack that growth of corrupt, antimoral and antisocial habit, of which such a crime is the last evil flower. And may his parents, who have borne the dreadful thing throughout with a courage that will be a common memory to all of us alive today, take comfort from this soul which is now both theirs and God's.

The Lindbergh Baby

THE NEWS of the young Japanese men in military and naval uniforms driving around Tokyo, firing pistols through the windows of various public buildings, shooting policemen, throwing bombs at the bank of Japan and the home of the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and finally invading the home of the seventy-seven-year-old Premier and shooting him, is a portentous sequel to Japan's military adventures of recent months. Possibly it is an illustration of the contrary of the rule that preparedness is the way to preserve peace. History offers ample corroborative testimony that large and highly developed armies seldom are content to be all dressed up without going places. Previous to the latest incident, we had been reflecting on the announcement of Japan's intent to withdraw from Shanghai, and the very natural laudation in the press in general that followed this announcement, that after all to the effective fighter, the ability to feint is almost of equal importance as the ability to hit. In other words, Japan's marching through the International Settlement at Shanghai where she had little she could accomplish beyond a punitive gesture that was localized and, as far as disposing the great masses of the Chinese to desist from boycotting Japan, was likely to have the very worst effect, looked like a plan for taking the war to the foreign correspondents and screening Japan's profitable operations in Manchuria. While the world worried about Shanghai, Japan's thorough occupation of Manchuria gathered all the dignity so difficult to disturb of a *fait accompli*. Premier Inukai was a force for moderation and it is certainly to be hoped that his execution by the military does not presage more Japanese bloodshed, either abroad or at home in civil warfare.

Military Adventures

UNDER the leadership of its alert and tactful president, the Reverend Aloysius J. Hogan, Fordham University has been advancing at a rate which has deeply impressed New York. Progress is especially marked in that department known as the School of Sociology and Social Service, originally established in 1916 to afford instruction in welfare work. The times have demonstrated how very necessary it is to supply men and women skilled in this work and at the same time loyally devoted to Christian principle. On April 11 Pope Pius wrote to Father Hogan,

Papal Honors for Fordham

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congratulating the university on the achievement and purposes of this school. "Surely," asserted the letter, "the school has a most noble purpose and it rightly deserves to prosper. It aims to provide professional education including field-work training for those who are planning to work with private social agencies or to enter public welfare services, and to prepare these workers in such a way that they will be actuated by proper Christian principles." Such an endorsement is an unusual honor and should very much encourage faculty and students.

IN THE current *Nineteenth Century* one finds an unexpectedly refreshing paper on the British attitude toward "foreigners," by that inveterate traveler, Paul Cohen-Portheim. He takes for his text the slogan "Come to England," which the reverses incident to recent business fluctuations have induced many Britishers to adopt, and gives an excellent disquisition on the question of foreign relations as a whole. The tourist comes to London from the Continent and begins to gaze around. What happens? Here is part of the answer: "He has to learn that his ways are wrong, that he must conform to those of the country. If he does not eat as do the English, dress as they do, behave as they do ('none of that Southern exuberance!' protest the raised eyebrows), he will soon be made to feel that he is out of place. From the supercilious female in black at the reception office to the retired colonel and wife dozing in armchairs, everyone will mutely imply—no open rudeness, of course—that he is a social ignoramus and outcast, tolerated only because he must be. He will find exceptions to this rule, but they will be exceptions." And now comes the explanation: "Unfortunately, he will not know that this attitude of disdain is not shown him because he is foreign, but is just as common between the natives, that it is just part of the middle-class stamp English resorts and hotels have had impressed on them." It is interesting to observe how Herr Cohen-Portheim follows this "stamp" through Britain, and even into the Britisher's private conception of his own loved but critically regarded national domain.

John Bull as Host

THERE is no other man in the world whose knowledge of other countries is deeper or more sympathetic than is that of the Englishman who belongs to a certain class. Professionally he has been trained and encouraged to know. He is a citizen of the world, however loyally devoted to his own land. But the average Englishman, for all his traveling, understands neither any other part of the world or any other section of his own country. He minds his own business, as Herr Cohen-Portheim says, and discerns no reason why other folk should not mind theirs—until properly introduced and accepted. The difficulty of being thus introduced and accepted is nowhere more apparent, perhaps, than in the realm of intellectual relations. For the average Englishman—and we think very particularly the average Catholic Englishman—the life and thought of the United States are still identified with bronco-busting frontiers. Of course they know about skyscrapers, automobiles and the waning of the more bloodthirsty Indians. But what the picture loses in the way of savages, it acquires in the form of gangsters. Thus a traveling Englishman, himself an indifferent thinker, professed to feel that nothing in American philosophy could interest him. This is, we repeat, not the result of "prejudice" but the creation of that aloofness which characterizes Britain. Few peoples are more charming, tolerant and worth while. But it sometimes appears as if they do everything possible to put these qualities away in some kind of frigidaire, while loading down the table with their own worst frigidities. Wherefore we commend the *Nineteenth Century* and wish for it a wide circle of readers.

A CONCERT recently given by La Salle Academy at Town Hall in New York was to us another reminder of all the cultural and civilizing work which the Church is still carrying on. The La Salle concert is a particular, but not an isolated, case. The remarkably fine musical training given by Brother Anthony Cyril and Brother Faber is paralleled by the devoted work of how many nuns, how many other Brothers, and Fathers, some in the great crowded urban centers and others in little outposts on the plains and in the hills? Most of them are so hedged by endless necessities and duties, that they probably rarely are able to see their contributions to their own people and their own time in their true proportions and in their community of accomplishment all over the country, all over the world, in the name and the love of God. And they do all this not as aesthetes—as that word now connotates in the secular world. They do not withdraw from the main stream of life because of their superior sensitiveness or talents, but they gladly give of these things liberally to humanity as they find it. At the La Salle concert, there were 46 sopranos on the stage, 152 tenors and 53 basses. The boys ranged in age from around ten to around twenty. They sang some beautiful hymns, some Negro spirituals, some old songs that were not fearful of sentiment, and they sang with the clear, unaffected seriousness of youth and with feeling. And one would have to look far to find a manlier crowd. They were pretty slicked-up, of course, for their public appearance, but one could perceive that they were not unfamiliar with sand-lot baseball playing and taking care of themselves in a life that was earnest and real. And the thought that the two brothers who had trained such numbers of youths, in such very high musical art, at the age when their energies are most terrifying had done so incidental to carrying on all the duties of teaching the three R's and the rest of the modern curriculum, moved one to marvelling appreciation of them and the source of their inspiration.

Art and Humanity

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A Rising Business

IN THE present period of general depression, it is interesting to hear of one thing in the country that is going up. It seems that flying is, in a very substantial and impressive way. Of course the finances of the various aviation concerns are in a sadly snarled and dubious condition, but in spite of this the industry is able to struggle ahead with real accomplishments. In the first quarter of the present year, there was an increase of 31 percent in the number of passengers carried by air transport lines. The Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America is responsible for the figures. On the basis of passenger miles—that is, multiples of one passenger carried one mile—there was a 43 percent increase of business this year, indicating that passengers were flying more miles. Air express also continued to gain. It was gaining steadily all of last year. In the present quarter, 283,626 pounds of merchandise were flown, an increase of 36 percent. Air mail showed a slight drop of 4 percent. The mileage of planes operating on regular schedule rose nearly 5,000,000 miles to a total of 13,317,116 miles for the three months. Eighty-seven thousand persons paid for passage in the air. This would seem to be a cloud a little larger than a man's hand in the sky over the railroads. Buses, too, except for short urban and suburban hauls, will in time have their struggle to survive against the travelers of the airways that do not require real estate, concrete and up-keep. If some crank or genius should suddenly turn a corner with an improvement on the noisy and shaky internal combustion engine, we should no doubt almost over night see the sky-paths filled with graceful, silent and swift carriers.

Which Way Authority?

COMMENTING recently on the decision of the Federal Reserve Bank to purchase government securities on an extensive scale, the bulletin of the National City Bank declared that this "is probably the most important stroke of central bank policy ever made." On May 12, an editorial writer in the New York *Herald Tribune* informed his readers that "June, the Lausanne conference and the encrusted labyrinth of debts and reparations loom just ahead." According to the *Congregationalist,* leading citizens could do much "toward ridding America of the curse of pretentious advertisement that represents, not the integrity of advertising that advertising clubs are so wont to advertise, but the trail of sham and dishonor." These sentiments are respectable. We are listing them merely because of the challenge each writer has issued to dictional authority. It is not difficult to find the flaws. Strokes are not "made"; labyrinths are permanently incapable of looming just ahead, or anywhere else; the justly defined "curse of pretentious advertising" could not possibly represent the things enumerated by the *Congregationalist.* In all fairness to the publications mentioned, one may add that dozens of similar blunders could be extracted from the press in a random hour or two. If we had the time, we should enjoy nothing more than inventing a new game—the game of "find your daily blunder." What is the matter? Indifference to diction or logic? Simple haste? Or an accumulation of bad habits? It would be interesting, if not helpful, to know.

THE ASSASSINATION IN FRANCE

IN ALL human probability, the assassination of President Paul Doumer of France was the act of a madman whose theories of what the world might be like culminated in an absurd and tragic deed. There was, indeed, no specific reason why a frugal and retiring old gentleman, elected to high office by reason of his stanch middle-class qualities, should have aroused anyone's venemous hatred. M. Doumer was a politician who had struggled up the ladder of success a rung at a time, and a financier of more than usual astuteness. His temperament was conciliatory, modest, dignified. One is led to wonder what the effect on world opinion might have been if Briand, elected president, had lived long enough to die by Gorguloff's hand. Curiously enough, the history of assassinations seems to indicate that, excepting in immediate post-war times, the victims are usually men of the second order. Lincoln and Rathenau are the exceptions; McKinley, Garfield, Carnot, King Humbert, Carranza, stress the rule. And the conclusion is that in the great majority of cases such deeds are individualistic aberrations, born of unbalanced reflection on political affairs.

It may be, of course, that Gorguloff really possesses the "Fascist mentality" to which he lays claim and that this is something relatively new in the way of dangers. Though the idea that a coup d'état could be effected by means of cowardly assassinations never entered the first-class mind of Mussolini, it seems to haunt the lesser breed attempting to flourish in all parts of the world. What such folk seem to believe in is a sort of idealistic political gangsterism; and the latest of their victims, Japan's aged and benevolent Premier, is proof that their estimates of both life and death are as insane as the methods of Brooklyn's beer gangs.

However all this may be, no one will fail to deplore the passing of M. Doumer, or to sympathize with the people of France. The dead President was rightly viewed as an exemplar of genuine French virtues; and the fact that four of his sons had fallen in battle served to remind the nation of sacrifice loyally made in the interests of the nation. And of course the calamity occurred at a particularly difficult time. France, which by reason of its sound currency and its military strength, is mistakenly looked upon as a kind of paradise by many, has suffered from economic recessions and political difficulties to an extent far too little appreciated. A decline in trade, financial worries, fiscal difficulties and mounting unemployment are particularly troublesome in a land which emphasizes the individual. Politically

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speaking, the past few years have been marked by uncertainty and failure to agree upon an adequate program. Party history testifies to the rapid growth of independent and minority groups; the chronicle of the Cabinets is the story of inability to produce either the leaders or the coalitions needed.

Naturally these difficulties by no means compare with the plight of Germany, which literally has its back against the wall in an heroic struggle to avert monetary collapse and political anarchy. Yet it would be grossly erroneous to underestimate the effect of hard times on the French, and the results of the recent elections are a well-nigh sufficient index to the real state of affairs. That M. Herriot's Radical-Socialist party should have gained enormously in strength was not surprising, in as much as criticism of the Laval and Tardieu Cabinets had been rampant outside the official press. A last minute maneuver, whereby such papers as the ultra-nationalist *Ami du Peuple,* tried to palm off the assassination of M. Doumer as a Bolshevist plot, failed to influence the voter. This no doubt means that the average Frenchman is far less dependent on the "inspired" journals than is usually believed. The really astonishing event is the growth of Leon Blum's Socialist party, which has made a good 15 percent gain. In view of the concerted attack made on M. Blum from all sides during the past few years, this growth in the strength of his party is an eloquent tribute to the depression.

Under existing conditions, such a decision by the sovereign voter means that he wants something done. Just what is a little obscure. M. Tardieu, whose fate it has been to seem an exceedingly clever man endowed with the ability to resemble the veering weathercock externally without changing much inside, had offered to his fellow citizens a formula of "coöperation" which excluded the Socialists. These, he declared, were merely incomplete Bolshevists, whose chief purpose it was to make the franc worth less than a sou. In other words, he defied M. Blum in terms which every bourgeois applauded with gusto. For his part, M. Herriot has so far left the future ambiguous. Having long since differed with the Socialists on fiscal matters no less than on foreign policy, he can hardly be expected to face a revival of the unfortunate "Cartel" with sentiments more enthusiastic than reluctance. On the other hand, he is the sovereign opponent of M. Tardieu and that statesman's moderate group. Accordingly he is in something like a quandary, and the methods adopted for his extrication will be observed with interest.

No doubt it is French foreign policy which has evoked most alarm and dissatisfaction. M. Tardieu's election manifesto declared that the indispensable preliminary to any form of international activity was harmony at home. He added: "World society is in a transition stage. Many entertain unjust suspicions of France, which acts of ours should long since have dispelled. Our conscience has suffered by reason of this injustice, for what we desire is peace and normal conditions of life for everyone. The great problems confronting the world cannot be solved in this place or that. General agreements are necessary. In every sphere of activity, we are ready to make those agreements. Those elected to office in these elections must show, by their words and deeds, that this readiness has not been diminished."

But the French voter wanted something more. He wanted, above all, to make sure that there was not going to be another war if anything he could do would help to stave it off. In his own modest way he contributed a mite to make the world realize that France has not yet forgotten the weariness and tragedy of the great conflict. Yet this leftward move of the electorate is also concerned with many other things, which came to the fore in campaign addresses—the ideal of rapprochement with Germany, the hope for a better understanding with England and America, dissatisfaction with the stand-pat attitude of the government on the question of disarmament. Speakers everywhere made it clear that abandoning the great work of Aristide Briand would in the end give France the reputation which makes no friends in the modern world.

The results are, therefore, heartening just as the hard-earned victory of President von Hindenburg was definitely encouraging. Of course the picture has many shadows, not the least of which come from the weaknesses of Socialism in France. This is, for example, committed to remnants of anti-clericalism which are likely to cause trouble. In the interests of truth it must be said that the attitude of many French Catholics is partly to blame. Though Rome has foreseen, since the days of Cardinal Gasparri's accession to office, that repudiation of international coöperation and of thoroughgoing social reform cannot be sponsored in the name of the Church, many Catholic organs and individuals have continued to talk as if religion and fiery conservatism were identified. Even groups noted for decades as exponents of democratic theory have waxed chauvinistic during recent years. As yet the Catholic leftward movement has made too little progress to be effective. One must be prepared, therefore, to expect some recrudescence of anti-clerical sentiment, which is possibly the greatest of M. Herriot's weaknesses.

At any rate, the dead President has been lying in state these days. He is a mute, pathetic but honorable proof of the difficulties involved in government. Our troubled age, as sorely beset with wild thinking as with hard facts that clamor for practical solution, puts the man who would lead at a twofold disadvantage. On the one hand his best efforts are at the mercy of erratic ideologies, of which the assassin's pistol is merely a symbol. On the other hand the tremendous scope of the actual economic and political situation, in which a thousand interests are at loggerheads with one another on a stage as wide as the world, may well baffle the boldest and most resourceful. Mother Church has many prayers for rulers. It would be well if these were recited earnestly and charitably wherever the sun shines on faithful hearts.

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ORDEAL BY HUNGER

By JOSEPH MICHAEL LALLEY

Is the relief fund a merely temporary barrier to revolution? Many people think so, and those who do not are appalled by the possibilities which attend the dwindling of community funds. In the following paper Mr. Lalley summarizes current feeling and discusses the question of federal relief. He wrote before the announcement of Mr. Hoover's endorsement of a plan to finance loans to states and groups through the Reconstruction Corporation, but what he has to say is nevertheless timely comment on the most important of all the problems which confront the American people.—The Editors.

MR. HERBERT BENJAMIN, who professes to speak for the otherwise inarticulate masses of the unemployed, managed to give this taunt to the La Follette subcommittee on federal unemployment relief: "You know very well, Messrs. Costigan and La Follette, that you will never be able to pass any measure through this United States Senate, or Congress, until every man in Congress is shivering in his pants because he thinks that the unemployed are going to engage in a struggle if they do not get something."

Mr. Benjamin is, I believe, a Communist; he had a good deal to do with organizing the "hunger march" against Washington in December. It does not take much knowledge of the highly famed Communist tactics to realize that it was part of Mr. Benjamin's job to bait the committee, if that were possible, and in any event, to read as much class struggle as he could into the record.

Nevertheless, after giving every discount to Mr. Benjamin's own motives, and dismissing entirely his estimates of other men's motives, the fact remains, that in this and some other matters, he struck pretty close to the crude truth. There are so many things in these days for rich men and for politicians with the rich man's viewpoint to be afraid of that they have quite forgotten to look under their beds for revolutionaries.

At this particular moment it is not the political structure of the nation, but its credit structure, that they are fearful for. And while it may be pretty late in the day to be alarmed about such things, there can be no question whatever of their alarm. So, despite the *World-Telegram's* indignant prophecy that "before this Congress adjourns the politicians will be forced to listen to the cries of innocent and hungry victims of this depression," it would seem that any hope of direct federal relief has gone glimmering for at least the rest of this session.

To be sure, Mr. George Huddleston, who represents the angry Anglo-Saxon steel workers and railroad shopmen of Bessemer and Birmingham, has a bill gathering dust somewhere in the House Committee on Labor, calling for $100,000,000 of direct relief, with no strings attached, between now and July 1, 1933. This, however, would appear to be largely a gesture toward his constituency. For years Mr. Huddleston has been known as a radical, as radicalism goes on Capitol Hill; but now, as he naively told the Senate subcommittee, the hungry folk back home "are cussing me for being too conservative," and they are quite in a mood to throw him out in the primaries.

Alabama, however, is a small state and a known quantity electorally. On the eve of a momentous national election, and with the clouds of a fierce fratricidal tempest gathering grimly over the convention hall in Chicago, the practical leaders of Democracy have no desire to stamp themselves with having added $75,000,000 more to an already unendurable tax burden. At the same time it is to be kept in mind that some of the hungry millions will find strength to stagger to the polls in November, so the Democrats must be equally cautious about disowning federal relief *in toto*. Thus the opposition to the La Follette-Costigan Bill of the group led by Senator Black of Alabama was based professedly upon the provision to create an Emergency Relief Board, which would allocate the funds largely on the basis of census returns.

"A new bureau!" exclaimed Mr. Black, in Jeffersonian horror. "The youngest man within sound of my voice will not live to see it abolished!"

By supporting Senator Black's substitute proposal to distribute the money in the form of something like loans or deposits, those Democrats, whose votes on the following day killed the La Follette-Costigan Bill, achieved a certain saving of face—or think that they have. But it is worth noticing that the acutest politician of them all, Mr. James Hamilton Lewis, declined to vote one way or the other, blandly expressing himself as "present" when his name was called. Either way, the federal relief question is likely to be dynamite for a Democrat.

There is also, of course, an intricate point of sumptuary ethics involved in the matter of federal relief—though naturally it was Senator Reed and the Republicans who carried the debate to this high ground of constitutional morality. Off-hand, it certainly seems neither wise nor just that such states as New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois—which are in no acute need of federal moneys—should be taxed three or four times any amount that could conceivably be returned as relief funds.

In other words, a few wealthy and populous states would have to pay nearly all the freight for the rest of the country. There is no doubt that this argument—which has much eminent support, including Mr. Walter Lippmann's and Mr. Newton D. Baker's—weighed heavily in the balance against the La Follette-

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Costigan Bill. Yet both senators from New York, which in any case would have been the chief sufferer, voted for the bill.

It is when one considers that the distribution of ownership in the United States is upon anything but a local basis that the weakness of the "local self-reliance" doctrine begins to appear. Mr. Huddleston brought out this other side of the question rather pointedly when he said:

> Most of the wealth of my community is owned in distant cities and financial centers. We have nine railroads, with shops and thousands of railroad men. I know railroad engineers with as much as twelve and fifteen years' senority that have not had a run for twelve months and will never have another as long as they live. They don't know it, but I know it. . . .
>
> Now nobody representing these railroads lives in Birmingham, except division officers. None of the stockholders or bondholders lives there. When we take up a collection for their former employees, the owners of the railroads contribute nothing. Not one solitary red cent was given by any stockholder or bondholder of any railroad entering our city to our community chest. . . . The big mortgage companies, that have mortgages on our beautiful dwellings and our business blocks—they contributed nothing.

A rather neat corollary to the defeat of federal relief has appeared in the question of whether it is proper to tax the richer counties within a state to provide relief in the poorer counties. Soon, perhaps, we may expect a *reductio ad absurdum,* when one of the millionaire townships of Long Island demands to know why it should be taxed for the benefit of hungry ones in Williamsburg or Brooklyn, or when Park Avenue disclaims any responsibility for far-away Tenth Avenue.

On the other hand, it is impossible to withhold sympathy for the plight of the politicians, national or local, who are attempting to crawl between the horns of the unemployment relief dilemma. Whatever they may do or refrain from doing about it, is almost certain to bring them to grief. It is by no means obvious that the unemployment problem is more menacing, or fraught with graver consequences, than the tax problem—though after a little study it is all but impossible to distinguish where the one leaves off and the other begins.

Anyway, with the national income shrinking by billions and tax schedules and tax defaults everywhere rising precipitously, it is a problem to appall wiser heads than politicians are generally credited with owning. And when Secretary Mills reminds us that our tax rates are nothing compared with those paid by the English and the Germans, it is about as comforting as being told that the early stages of general paresis are as nothing to the final ones.

But, as Mr. Baker observed the other day, all theory of taxation "collapses before a hungry child." We are still civilized enough, I hope, for that. But how many children are hungry? How many are not only hungry but slowly dying of hunger? Nobody knows. It is quite apparent from the testimony of social service agents and others before the La Follette subcommittee that no one has more than the roughest notion of the extent of unemployment in the United States, and still less of the extent and intensity of unemployment distress. (The English dole system has at least one advantage in providing, through the monthly registration for insurance benefits, an accurate barometer of how things are going.)

There was a general agreement, however, among all the social welfare workers that the volume of acute distress greatly exceeds the volume of available relief. It is also plain that distress is increasing in geometric ratio. Sooner or later—without a well-nigh miraculous revival of business—the unemployed who have been living upon savings, upon credit, or upon their relatives, must be added to the general social burden.

Whence will the money come to carry this burden? How will the breadlines be kept moving and the children be fed this summer, while the impoverished planters of São Paulo are draining the marshes with coffee, while the bankrupt farmers of Georgia are feeding peaches to the pigs, while the grain from the midlands waits for someone with the price to buy it? If there is anyone who knows the answer, he has managed to conceal it.

In almost every large city relief doles have been cut to the barest subsistence level—perhaps below it. To spread them much thinner would mean something pretty close to famine. Yet there is a general confidence it will not come to that. In New York City, where, as I have been told, every important relief agency is revising its budget in anticipation of greater demands this summer, there is an apparently well-grounded belief that the legislature or the Board of Estimate will manage to do the decent thing. Only those—and I am not one of them—who know their way through the labyrinthine politics of New York City and state can say why this confidence is felt. Up to this writing, the legislature has made no provision for direct relief and has cut about twenty millions from the budget estimates—most of it from construction programs that would come under the relief category of "made work." The legislature adjourned about the middle of April; the New York City relief funds will last, at best, until the close of May.

It is almost unthinkable that, in New York or anywhere else, the relief problem can be met by any plan of popular subscription. Meanwhile, it would be a serious mistake to assume, that because you have never seen a man, or woman, or child drop dead from hunger in the streets, that there is no such thing as starvation in this land of milk and honey. After all, as Mr. Murphy of the Philadelphia Children's Bureau said at Washington, "You can starve a long while without dying." But, one of these days, unfortunately it may not be long enough.

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THE PLACE OF IRELAND

By THOMAS F. HEALY

TEN YEARS is a short span in the life of a nation, but in the past decade Ireland has covered more ground under her own rule than in all the preceding centuries under the former régime. Now that the first stage in the development of the Free State is over, it may be admitted that it was one of the gravest periods of her entire history, a time of travail and unprecedented difficulties. The nation weathered the test. She emerges a new Ireland.

We all know the old Ireland so endeared to the heart of the world that sentiment will ever softly color our vision of her people. The picture is something to remember and evokes deep and rich emotions. The peril lies in carrying that concept so far as to lose all critical sense in patriotism, which is what the Irish in America have done. They indulge in interminable argumentative discussions about Cromwell, Emmet, Tone, the Penal Days and 1898, and still take it out on England, and end up by substituting a lot of traditional casuistries for a country.

The old Ireland was really an abnormal land. War stresses the declamatory, external and accidental aspects of a nation's being. Under the strident clamor of conflict the real essence of Ireland was unknown. Ireland held aloof because there was "a stranger in the house." She drew the mantle of her fallen day around her; and the national being was hidden away in glen and valley or in the quiet of hearts that would not reveal themselves. That national being, older than existing records and emerging at no recognizable date of our history, received its historic force or momentum from dim and legendary origins, a sort of quasi-spiritual essence not to be reckoned or measured according to the extent of territory after which it is named, no more than the Athenian influence on civilization can be appraised by the boundaries of the tiny city-state of Athens.

That national being now stands revealed. The real Ireland is about to exist freely. Where once she rocked the very foundations of empire, where once she was the wedge of disunion and discord between America and Britain, she is today the cement of friendship and the link of unity and peace. We must consider her now as a nation and as one of the members of good standing in the family of nations, a singularly stable force in the unstable equilibrium of the whole European mind. In that aspect Ireland presents the most salutary and significant phenomenon of post-war Europe.

During a tense session of the League of Nations the Irish delegate arising to speak prefaced his remarks with a joke, which according to Continental papers brought the house down with laughter. It was said to have been the first joke made in that august assembly and the occasion of the first real hearty laugh in its history, in a sense inferring that the passions of patriotism run so deep in Europe that they are unable to evolve any humor. That joke may be taken to symbolize Ireland's new place among the nations. In that moment Ireland laughed in the face of all the armaments of Europe and for that moment at least Europe stood disarmed and laughed with her, forgetting all petty national vanities, jealousies, evasions, malignities and suspicions. An Irish joke in John Calvin's home town!

By her unique position, geographically, politically and psychologically, Ireland now finds herself with a new rôle to play in the program of peace. She is unselfish. She envies no nation, seeks no dominion over others, covets no territorial aggrandizements. To be considered also is the fact that her people, by their destiny dispersed to other lands, today permeate the whole structure of society—law, finance, literature and the arts, the government, the services, the press and the clergy—which gives her a wide influence in modern international life.

I spoke to Michael MacWhite, the Irish Minister to the United States, on this topic recently, and he made the following interesting comment on it:

> The place of Ireland is today much more important in comparison with what other nations enjoy than the area or population of the Saorstat would justify. It is of course largely due to the fact that members of the Irish race are to be found occupying outstanding positions in many countries of the Old World as well as the New. I met delegates from lands as far apart as Finland and Chile who claimed Irish ancestry. It was remarked at the time there were one or two of Irish blood in each of the delegations from the other six members of the Commonwealth of Nations. There were a Finnish lady delegate who claimed descent from an Irish soldier who fought in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, a Cuban whose mother's name was O'Farrell, and a Chilean named McCabe.
>
> At the League of Nations the Irish delegates, having no material interest to defend and having friends among all the assembled nations, can survey world affairs more objectively than other peoples. Their appreciation of international differences is clearer, as their vision is not blurred by international prejudices such as those usually inspired by greed or hate or fear.

Let us take a glance at Ireland herself. It is a point of more than academic interest to remember that the establishment of the Free State was not a part of the political resettlement of Europe after the Great War; it was quite distinct, coming from an older struggle of centuries and reaching its culminating, decisive point more than two years after the war.

The war itself—or, more exactly, the follies of those

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then in charge of the British War Office—brought on the final phase of that struggle. Ireland with over 400,000 combat troops in France asked for an independent Irish army under Irish generals. This was refused. News was withheld for many months of the decimation of the Dublin Fusiliers at Gallipoli. The Munster Fusiliers lost from one battalion alone 180 officers and over 4,000 rank and file. In view of such events the Irish people refused conscription, moved also by the thought that they had given more than their quota in a war not of their making, and had left 50,000 killed in battle in Flanders. Moreover, the Home Rule held out to them in return for joining up seemed as far away as ever. The youth of the land took to arms; and then began a life-and-death struggle which culminated in the Anglo-Irish Treaty of December, 1921, and in the establishment the following year of an Irish government in Dublin.

Conceived in internal chaos and launched under auspices of world-wide unrest and depression, the new state faced an uncertain future. At the outset Civil War broke out and threw the whole normal structure of the country out of joint. Industry was stagnant, trade desperately dislocated, enterprise paralyzed. Roads, railways and bridges were in ruins. Unemployment was rife, and the farmers were in a pitiable plight due to a long succession of bad harvests.

The government, however, went ahead. The Cabinet in age and experience was the youngest in the world, but soon manifested the national aptitude for organization. They first had to raze the entire edifice of former rule, which was a virtual legacy of mismanagement, not at all adapted to the vital needs of development. There followed the work of building up confidence, promoting trade, establishing financial solvency and erecting administrations. The police force and judiciary were completely remodeled. Agriculture was standardized. The entire system of education had to be overhauled and planned on a new basis. The program of reconstruction was carried out conscientiously. With the utmost firmness the government suppressed certain forms of immoderate and indiscriminate liberties of political thought which menaced the moral as well as the material interests of the new state and hindered progress on the road to true nationhood.

Even more striking than her internal progress is the phenomenon of Ireland's work in the commonwealth, of which she is the most curious and critical member. Ireland never took to the imperial idea in its accepted connotation, for from her past experience she had learned that whenever the cake of empire was thought too small to go around, she was the first to go without a slice.

Two apparently contrary tendencies motivate Ireland in relation to the commonwealth: the first, to abandon for the time being all plans for full severance of connection with Britain; the second, to do all in her power to effect immunity from interference and to abolish by every legal and constitutional means in her power all formal symbols of sovereignty working against possible benefits received from membership in the commonwealth. Actually these tendencies are not irreconcilable. Ireland holds the two essentials of freedom: the right of legation, that is, to send and receive diplomatic representatives; and the right to negotiate and ratify treaties with other states. Her right to make treaties is evidenced by her ratification of eight International Labor Conventions. Her position in the League of Nations further proves her status. When the discussion about noxious drugs arose, the Irish representative strongly supported the view of the United States, which ran counter to the British view.

Fully to test the status of her sovereignty, immediately on entering the commonwealth Ireland brought constant pressure to bear in insisting on the fullest implications of independence in relations with other lands. By her attitude she has now forced Britain to adopt a program which has established precedents affecting all the states of the commonwealth. She stood first for absolute co-equality as a fundamental principle. She paved the way for the gradual elimination of legal machinery, administrative practices and constitutional fictions which she thought to be non-conformable with that principle. The other states followed her lead, each becoming a distinct political entity in the general society of nations. Ireland's entrance into the commonwealth meant the final collapse of the old colonial ideal, which placed Britain as the hub and center of her "dependencies"—an ideal cumbered with constitutional mysticism and antiquated statutes, regarded by the new state as sheer anachronisms to be removed with time. Ireland of course felt free to do this, felt in fine that she had a special right in view of her racial contribution to the making of a commonwealth that might also be called an Irish Empire. Ireland as well as England is a motherland. Here she must be differentiated from such states as Canada and Australia, which are non-unitary states, while Ireland is a unitary nation-state.

Ireland avowedly entered the commonwealth with some of the rights of her sovereignty modified, and these she did not then insist upon in deference to the new political order of the world. Credit must be given her here for a fine discrimination between national rights and national obligations, a distinction it is very important for mankind properly to realize, and which some European nations are not yet capable of grasping. All Ireland's rights of sovereignty are of course implicit in the treaty, and already her statesmen have realized most of them. In February of this year the Free State secured the power to abolish the right of judicial appeal to the British Privy Council, thus eliminating another constitutional anachronism. Soon after came the news that Ireland can now use her own Great Seal; she is the first of the dominions to gain this badge of external sovereignty.

The result of Ireland's entrance into the commonwealth may be summed up as a sort of counter-reformation of the old capitalist-imperialism to the status of

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international coöperation, which does not correspond exactly to any relationship hitherto recognized in international law, and which is fraught with tremendous and far-reaching consequences for the whole world.

It must be realized that the state today has a new organic character. There is no longer a general formula applicable to the political units of the world, such as the classification of states into different groups which obtained before the war. This was like a still-life study of some growing object. Indeed, the very word "sovereignty" is itself misleading and its connotation is highly controversial. All the old standards of sovereignty belonged to a pre-war world. The applied test of a nation today is the right and ability of the state to assume the duties that international coöperation involves. To the new order of the world Ireland has adapted herself quickly and perhaps more understandingly than any other European nation.

Of course the progress of the Free State in the past decade has been handicapped greatly by the exclusion of northeast Ulster which, though forming but one-sixth of the total area of the country, deprives Ireland of far more than a mere glance at the map reveals. This forms a chapter by itself too long to deal with in the scope of this article. But in the face of Ireland's "Corridor," the Free State has patiently and wisely gone ahead to consolidate its own position and set an example of efficient, economic and tolerant administration, that has had its good effect on her northern neighbor. Whereas before they were enemies, they are now friends. The next step is reconciliation and fusion in the national being. Unity is essential to the peace and progress of the country. The present partition is repugnant to all historic and social aspects of the nation and to every phase of national development. Suffice it to say that when the time comes for adjusting that problem the treaty provides all the means to do so in a lawful manner.

A current criticism of Irish national policy is directed against the seeming antinomy of a firm utilitarianism, as exemplified in the Shannon scheme, and an equally tenacious solicitude for cultural ends, as shown in the Irish language revival. There is no discord in such a policy. The Irish are a wise and ancient people who do not separate the life of material utilities from that of culture. The kingdom of the national mind has many mansions. After all, in the ideal state of society what moves men in religion or the arts should move them in life. A people can be modern without accepting the fallacies of "modernism," as guide-posts to some vague millennium. It would be a poor thing to gain material benefits to the detriment of the soul of the nation, though this seems well-nigh forgotten in the world today, when humanity has wandered farther away from beauty, from the spirit and from God than ever before in the Christian era.

Ireland wove her own golden story in Europe, when from the sixth to the ninth centuries her *peregrini* saved the Western world from the chaos of barbarism with the impetus of a spiritual and intellectual movement without parallel in history. Proud names arise. Duns Scotus, Scotus Eriugena, Sedulius, Columbanus and Columkille are but a few of those whose herculean labor laid the foundations of a new Europe and rebuilded anew the constitution of the civilized world. In the tenth century Ireland herself produced a culture in advance of all the rest of Europe.

Inspired by the memory of that day, Ireland now looks forward. For her the world's great age is beginning anew. The conscious heir of this high inherited tradition, she has all that any nation ever had to inspire her. The peace which is permanent in her soul, the peace which after centuries of strife and all the restless accidents of war she has come to desire, is hers at last. Of the last ten years history will write that Ireland has come well out of the test. The task of reconstruction lies ahead, and measured by her past decade Ireland is on the road to full achievement.

A Lay of Discontent

Well, there came one glad
Who was also sad
To the portals of death and of sorrow
And he wrought in a way
That was almost gay
The legend of life and tomorrow.

He said: "Time flings
On golden wings
The fortunes of change and of birth.
He never forgets
And he never regrets
The houses of fear and of mirth.

"From his world-old heart
Comes never a start
For the bane of a year nor a plan.
Still he beckons today
From the changeless clay
To the infinite soul of man.

"Had we soul or ear
Had we ever a fear—
We could hearken his changeless tune,
Were our hearts not stilled
And our souls not filled
With the breath of the dawn, or the noon.

"Were the moon's glad wile
Not a mocking smile,
Were the stars not an echoing tear,
We should know indeed
His beckoning meed
And the breath of our souls draw near.

"But alas! alas!
Time's but an hour-glass
And we spirits of mortal earth
Though we live for a day
Must fade away
In his immemorial birth."

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

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THE NEGRO CHALLENGES COMMUNISM

By JOHN T. GILLARD

THE NEW Negro has nailed his challenge to the Christian church door. Christianity cannot be white and black at the same time; it must be the omni-color rainbow or nothing. But precisely because the new Negro is intelligent, he is not jumping overboard until he finds a good place to land.

Agnosticism in the person of its vociferous prophet, Mr. Clarence Darrow, beckons with alluring if empty hands. In season and out, this all-star American agnostic drives home to the Negro the same old message:

> Prayers won't do you any good. Your race has accomplished a great deal by the methods of education and organization, but nothing by prayer, reliance on preachers, and naive trust in the Deity. If there is a Lord Who governs everything, be sure that He knows all about your troubles before you ever tell them to Him. And He has done nothing about them.

The Negro press heralded widely this statement at the time of its deliverance, although its subsequent answer by the French Abbé Dimnet from the same platform at Howard University, Washington, D. C., went unnoticed. Other speeches and magazine articles of Mr. Darrow's are much the same in content.

But this kind of religion is a pure negation. The Negro himself has been negated almost out of existence. He wants something positive. Protestant Christianity he finds to be not even good Protestantism —its first lusty yell was "faith without works," while its dying gasp is "works without faith." Humanitarian Christianity, as a substitute, the Negro finds earthbound —while useful as a social force to help the race, it cannot give life to its spiritually unborn children.

Communism projects itself as a seeming combination of the negative pole of atheism and the positive pole of humanitarianism.

On the surface it would seem that Russian red and American black is a coming color scheme. Why not? The Negro has a grievance. Christians refuse to heed it. Communism listens sympathetically. And when men are hungry and their children are fainting for bread, a promise seems better than a threat. Most of us who are not ourselves nursing the ills of poverty have a feeling of aloofness from the misery of our colored brother. We may not, however, content ourselves with a sigh for his sorrows and the meringue of words for his wrongs. We are all members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Neither may we logically claim the right of the white workingman to an opportunity to earn a decent living, unless at the same time our yardstick applies to the Negro worker. God created the earth for the sustenance of all His children. Therefore all persons are equal in their inherent claims upon the bounty of nature. If a person's worth be something intrinsic, it cannot be determined by the pigmentation of his skin. Since it is impossible of demonstration that any class of persons is less important in the eyes of God, it is logically impossible for anyone who believes in a Divine Providence to reject the right of the Negro worker to an opportunity to earn a decent living. It is equally impossible of demonstration, however, that we Americans are a logical people.

The Negro's inherent right of access to the earth is conditioned upon and becomes actually valid through the expenditure of useful labor. Precisely what the Negro wants is an opportunity to work, not a basket of groceries. There must be some obligation upon those of us who control the opportunities of the earth to permit access to him on reasonable terms. While the present state of industry gives leeway for a very elastic interpretation of the reasonableness of terms, as a minimum it may be said categorically that when a Negro is denied an available job solely on account of his color an injustice is done him. The sacredness of his personality is violated quite as fundamentally as when his body is strung up on a rope by a mob.

Yet, it is a matter of facts and figures that not a few large concerns which formerly hired Negro labor have now adopted a lily-white policy, which under present circumstances means that the Negro is denied reasonable access to the goods of life. In its report, dated January 15, 1932, to the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief, the National Urban League noted that, not only was preference given to white over colored applicants for available jobs, but actually "there are employers who are discharging them in order to make room for white workers."

Marginal workers, Negroes are the first to be discharged in any curtailment of employment and last to be reëmployed in the event of economic revival. The National Urban League, an organization equipped to study conditions throughout the country, estimated that at the close of last year the number of unemployed Negro workers exceeded 750,000. This is more than twice the number reported in March of 1930. Available studies show that in nearly every instance the percentage of Negroes among the unemployed is higher than the population percentage warrants, sometimes running as high as four times the proportionate amount, and being in a few instances as high as five and six times as great.

The picture is not complete unless we include the great army of those Negroes who while actually employed are receiving anything but living wages. Before the depression the average day's pay of a Negro worker was $2.00. At the same period of study in New York City the average family wage per month

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was $85.00, while the average monthly rental was $40.00. Even in normal times the percentage is high of those Negro families which find it impossible to get along on the income of the male members alone. Of necessity, mothers of families and daughters who should be in school seek employment outside the family circle; often with disastrous results. The earnings of these women when compared with the earnings of white women in the same occupations are outrageously low, as government statistics prove.

The plight of the Negro worker is not made easier by the fact that our national prejudice and personal injustices conspire to keep him in an economic and social strata in which a mere hand-to-mouth existence is the best that can be hoped for. As a consequence, he is utterly unable to provide against the day of prolonged unemployment. Lack of technical skill, inability to secure recognition even when properly trained, seasonal unemployment, discrimination on the part of most labor unions, exorbitant rents and a host of other evils successfully conspire to prevent all but a relatively few Negroes from attaining economic stability.

In vain does the Negro worker look to the labor unions for redress of his wrongs. The "Handbook of the American Trade Unions" (Bulletin 506, United States Department of Labor) shows that the more important labor organizations emphasize the disability of color. By way of contrast the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) expressly forbids any color bar. Yet, if and when hungry and jobless colored workers turn I.W.W.'s and demonstrate too violently, we shall shoot them down and whitewash our consciences by blackening their criminal records.

A colored man, Mahatma Ghandi, recently succeeded in focusing the sympathetic attention of the world on the Indian 300,000,000 of Britain's 475,000,000. The American Negro has no heaven-sent messenger "to make" the front pages of our dailies. The only time he makes the front pages is when as a vice-presidential candidate on the Communistic ticket he is thrown out of a Congressional hearing on the bonus bill, when his skull is cracked for picketing in front of the Japanese Embassy in Washington, when Ford's plant is stormed, when a crime has been committed.

As a result of all this injustice, Communism has painted many a black man red. The annual May-day demonstrations in which plump Jewesses parade arm in arm with hollow-cheeked Negroes; the inter-racial balls during which high-heeled low-brows mix freely with low-heeled high-brows; the frequent riots during which policemen's clubs and Negroes' heads are broken; the Scottsboro (Alabama) riots in which black men grabbed all the glory of dying for a cause while their white leaders grabbed the first train out of town—these and many others are but occasional belchings of a bilious racial stomach hungering for justice.

Some race leaders who should have known better lent their aid to the Communists—from a safe distance. Negro magazines and newspapers, orators and preachers, waved the magic wand of words from windy heights, and second-hand manna from printing-presses on New York's East Side fluttered down to the outstretched hands of a hungry but hopeful people. Russia made grandiose gestures of indicting and condemning workers found guilty of *chauvism* (race discrimination), as college professors with cormorant appetites for publicity made after-dinner speeches on the generous treatment accorded the Negro in Russia—at so much per speech.

Then came the dawn—or, rather, the Scottsboro case of last year. The sordid details are better forgotten. Suffice it to mention that several Negro youths were on trial for their lives. For a while, hand in hand, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People worked with the International Labor Defense for what seemed to be a common cause. But no job can stand two bosses. The Communists gave the Negro leaders a metaphorical kick. Only the kick was metaphorical—the effect was real and immediate. Negro leaders had their eyes opened and at once began to warn the masses to beware of the wily reds. To quote one:

> The Negro in America must not turn over his destiny to any other group of leadership, not even to the "white proletariat." They have axes of their own to grind. . . . Just as we were about to applaud their efforts, they began to attack the best interests of the Negro, and to try to destroy the most constructive institution for self-defense and advancement the Negro has ever builded for himself in the history of the Western world. They launched this treacherous attack with such dirty and disreputable lying that even many of us who were disposed to fraternize with the "underdogs" of any race, had to repudiate them in this particular case at least.

A cow's kick is said to have started the great Chicago fire. Another generation may chronicle the more historically correct fact that a Communist's kick saved the American Negro from Communism.

In the *Crisis*, a Negro magazine, for April and May are listed the opinions on Communism of a score of Negro editors. They all agree that Communism is making inroads upon the masses of Negroes and that there is an appeal in their energetic defense of the Negro. Yet, with the exception of but a few, all feel that Communism will not solve the problems of the Negroes:

> "Despite the theories behind Communism, we do not think it offers the way out for the Negro which shall be most beneficial and lasting in the long run."—P. B. Young, Norfolk *Journal and Guide.*
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> "The Negro can well afford to wait until he has more definite information as to how Communism in America would be practised by those poor whites upon whose shoulders would ultimately fall the responsibilities of government."—W. Kelley, Amsterdam *News,* New York.
>
> "I believe that any people who put their trust in a name will be sooner or later disappointed. A mere shibboleth has never been adequate for the solution of personal

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or race problems. . . . In the life of the American Negro, Communism does not represent any plan for the solution of his problems: it is but a name."—J. A. Atkins, Houston *Informer* and *Texas Freeman*.

"While the end [of Communism] is certainly worthy of attainment, the means employed are destined to defeat the Communistic program and objective."—C. F. Richardson, Houston *Defender*.

Rejecting the reds, rejected by the whites, no wonder the Negro sings the blues. Small wonder that a kiss from a Communist seems preferable to a kick from a capitalist. Deep down in his heart the Negro wants neither to be cuddled nor cudgelled; all he asks is to be treated like a human being. If he seems to prefer being bluffed by Communism rather than cuffed by capitalism, it is only his empty hand reaching out in hope, not his head or his heart assenting.

It is a good sign that Negro leaders have issued a challenge to Communism to produce its credentials before they give it further credence. They have begun at last to see that the Negro will get the worst of it, for generations at least.

> Whenever they enrage the mind of the abused Negro and stir him into action and into trouble, it is the Negro who remains to do the dying and the languishing in jail, while his white Communist leaders escape from the scene.

The new Negro knows that Communism cannot do what it so readily promises. Nor will the mass of the Negroes be long deceived. By nature the Negro is too optimistic to listen to the pratings of enemies of organized society. Given half a square deal, he will ignore all blandishments. But unless we do something for the 12,000,000 colored citizens of this country and do it soon, we shall see the Communists swelling their ranks, Negro leaders nursing swelled heads, and the police getting "swell" exercise.

So far as the Catholic Church is concerned, every argument being used in behalf of the white victim of this crisis is equally valid for the colored victim, with the added validity which comes from his very helplessness. As Pope Leo, in his encyclical on the condition of labor, wrote: "When there is question of protecting the rights of individuals, the poor and helpless have claim to special consideration." Who is poorer, more helpless, and less master of his destiny than the American Negro?

Just as the spirit of fair play which engendered the War of the Revolution a century and a half ago begot a spirit of consideration for the rights of the Negro slaves, so may we hope that out of the world's present travail will be born a spirit of consideration and fair play toward the colored victim of our present system of economics. At any rate, those who describe, discuss and deal with the Negro as a being belonging to an order of nature and grace inferior to their own, must know that such an attitude is not only unworthy of the strong Caucasian and fatal to the poor Negro, but contrary to Christian teachings.

We Catholics must look into our consciences to see if we are among those who are misled by mistaken social philosophies, partial views of social relationships and values, and we should note well the words of Christ in Matthew, xxv, 42-45:

> I was hungry and you gave me not to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me not to drink. I was a stranger and you took me not in; naked and you covered me not; sick and in prison and you did not visit me. Then they also shall answer Him, saying: Lord, when did we see thee hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison and did not minister to thee? Then He shall answer them, saying: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me.

Can we measure up to this standard by which Christ said we are to be judged?

God's Bird Am I

("If I take my wings . . . and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: even there also shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me."—Psalm cxxxviii.)

God's bird am I,
Winging my fearless flight from pole to pole,
Where wild and white the ice waves slowly roll,
Beneath the wild white sky.
The sun that knows no setting is my goal,
The snow's great hermit I!

No loves have I!
I follow where the Light Eternal streams,
And where Immaculate its radiance gleams,
On stainless snows I lie.
And if a lonely weakness stirs my dreams,
God's shadow passeth by!

Almighty Power
Devised me light, as is the white snow flake,
With wings too strong for mightiest winds to break,
Or hurricanes to cower. . . .
I float upon the gale as on a lake,
Its whirling rage my bower.

In spring's abode
And summer's golden halls, I may not pause.
A Love all rigorous my being draws
To solitudes untrod,
To silences where on the last lone shores,
My soul may meet with God.

Nay! not for me
The gentle zephyr and the green-gold trees. . . .
The blinding blizzard is my noonday breeze.
To bear God company,
I live where whiteness binds th' impassioned seas
With steadfast sanctity.

God's bird am I. . . .
What care I for the stress, the storm, the cold?
His brooding grandeurs mightily enfold
Divinest sea and sky. . . .
Alone with God I live in love untold,
Alone with Him I die.

H. H. S.

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MR. JUSTICE CARDOZO

By ROBERT L. McWILLIAMS

IT WAS not merely those who were interested in the progress of the law who regretted the departure of Mr. Justice Holmes from the Supreme Court. Literature suffered as well as the law by his resignation. For a good many years those who appreciate the music of English as phrased by a master read his decisions with admiration and enjoyment.

We might well have been satisfied with having Justice Holmes succeeded on the Supreme Court by one who could even approximate him in a knowledge of the law and in social vision. It is more than we had a right to expect to find that his successor, the Honorable Benjamin N. Cardozo, is likewise a master of English. A finished ease and a consummate grace of expression characterize all of his writings.

Note the opening paragraph from his recent volume entitled "Law and Literature:"

> I am told at times by friends that a judicial opinion has no business to be literature. The idol must be ugly, or he may be taken for a common man. The deliverance that is to be accepted without demur or hesitation must have a certain high austerity which frowns at winning graces. I fancy that not a little of this criticism is founded in misconception of the true significance of literature, or, more accurately perhaps, of literary style. To some a clearer insight has been given. There are those who have perceived that the highest measure of condensation, of short and sharp and imperative directness, a directness that speaks the voice of some external and supreme authority, is consistent, none the less, with supreme literary excellence.

He disagrees with those lawyers who consider that they are wasting their time in bothering about form when, in their belief, substance alone is important.

> Form is not something added to substance as a mere protuberant adornment. The two are fused into a unity.

The most essential attribute of a judicial opinion, Justice Cardozo properly considers to be clearness. This clearness, however, necessarily involves a nice selection from among the facts of the particular controversy. It also requires a proper emphasis on certain of the facts selected. Justice Cardozo concedes that it is not difficult to express generalities on this subject. But, he points out, the proper application of the general principles laid down is a different matter.

> Write an opinion, and read it a few years later when it is dissected in the briefs of counsel. You will learn for the first time the limitations of the power of speech, or, if not those of speech in general, at all events your own. All sorts of gaps and obstacles and impediments will obtrude themselves before your gaze, as pitilessly manifest as the hazards on a golf course. Sometimes you will know that the fault is truly yours, in which event you can only smite your breast, and pray for deliverance thereafter. Sometimes you will feel that the fault is with counsel who have stupidly misread the obvious, in which event, though you rail against the bar and the imperfect medium of speech, you will be solaced, even in your chagrin, by a sense of injured innocence.

The first volume published by Justice Cardozo in 1921 was entitled "The Nature of the Judicial Process." It consisted of a series of lectures delivered during that year before the Law School of Yale University. In the volume referred to, the author considers the various factors that unconscientiously affect a judge in reaching a decision on a problem presented to him. He frankly concedes that the process does not consist merely in a logical application of settled principles of law to the facts in the case. As he points out:

> There is in each of us a stream of tendency, whether you choose to call it philosophy or not, which gives coherence and direction to thought and action. Judges cannot escape that current any more than other mortals. All their lives, forces which they do not recognize and cannot name, have been tugging at them—inherited instincts, traditional beliefs, acquired convictions; and the resultant is an outlook on life, a conception of social needs, a sense in James's phrase of "the total push and pressure of the cosmos," which, when reasons are nicely balanced, must determine where choice shall fall.

Justice Cardozo's views are now always expressed in the mellow, philosophical style that characterizes the passage just quoted. When he considers that the facts justify it, he can state his views with a curt crispness appropriate to the subject. A labor union appealed to the New York Court of Appeals, of which he was for some years the Chief Justice, from the decree rendered by the trial court. It appears from the opinion that certain union pickets had originally been enjoined by the lower court from the commission of acts of violence and disorder. The pickets disregarded the order, and the union was thereupon enjoined altogether from picketing. It complained of this order as not justified by the facts. But, said Judge Cardozo, speaking for the court:

> One chance the defendant had already been given. It had defied the mandate and abused the privilege. How many more chances was it to have before the court could intervene?

This device of propounding a question in order to make a point more apparent is frequently resorted to by Judge Cardozo in his opinions. Thus, in a case involving the New York Multiple Dwelling Law, it was argued that the statute was unconstitutional because it involved the affairs of New York City and therefore under the state constitution should have been adopted

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by the action of two-thirds of both houses of the legislature. But, said Judge Cardozo, speaking for the court, the purpose of the act was to eradicate the slums and bring about conditions whereby healthy children should be born and healthy men and women reared in the dwellings of the great metropolis.

> If the moral and physical fiber of its manhood and its womanhood is not a state concern, the question is, what is? Till now the voice of the courts has not faltered for an answer.

The opinions of Judge Cardozo are all marked by a crystalline clearness and a close-knit logic. These characteristics, together with a philosophy and outlook on life that had made his name known to the nation long before his appointment to the Supreme Court, explain in large part the unanimity of opinion that has characterized the work of the New York Court of Appeals under his régime as Chief Justice.

Judge Cardozo has not yet attained the honor accorded to Mr. Justice Holmes, of having a collection of representative opinions written by him published. We venture to prophesy, however, that in time such a volume will appear.

TOLERANCE IN CHINA

By WILLIAM A. MAGUIRE

THE FIRST step upon the Chefoo jetty may jar one's American sensibilities, but there is unmistakably a composite gesture of welcome everywhere. The mob of ricksha coolies, most of them smarting under the batons of local constables, mill about you like a sort of greeters' committee shouting, "Me take, master, me take." Their celebrated rickshas garnished with tin and lace invite you and, if you succeed in climbing aboard without tripping over a canine *wonk,* you may count on a pleasant though jerky promenade down the Bund.

Chefoo lies on the northern shore of the Shantung peninsula, about eighty miles to the southward across the Loa-tie-shan Channel from Port Arthur. This territory is ruled capably by the iron fist of a swashbuckling war-lord named Liu. He has more notches on his gun than Jesse James ever dreamed of. Liu boasts of 35,000 well-drilled hirelings and defies the whole of celestial Cathay, regardless of the threats of Chiang Kai Chek, Chang Hsueh-Liang and the rest. The general rather fancies basketball; you will find him often at the "Y" compound cheering his officers to victory over the destroyer sailors.

Missionaries are solidly established there, and the town serves too as a pleasant resort for Europeans seeking cool relief from the heat of summer. The Asiatic fleet has held rendezvous at Chefoo for many years. But the problem of providing suitable recreation for the enlisted men has always been a source of worry to their elders. This problem was partly solved when the Y.M.C.A. built their recreation center near the jetty. It is a marvelous place, this navy "Y" with its soda-fountain, restaurant, library, boxing-ring, tennis courts and auditorium. It is mainly with the auditorium that this story deals, because it was there that I discovered a high quality of religious tolerance worthy perhaps of the telling.

At ten-thirty of a Sunday morning the navy "Y" is a busy place. The huge banner which is slung across the street catches the eye as one comes up from the landing. It carries the legend, "Fleet Church." And a good advertisement it is, for it attracts to the auditorium many officers and their children, bluejackets, American missionaries and representatives of the British colony.

The concert by the sailors' band is over and the choir, composed of sailors and missionary children, are poised for the opening hymn. The pianist, whose three children are members of the choir, is the wife of the superintendent of the Presbyterian hospital on Temple Hill. A young "Y" secretary directs the singing. Standing on a dais beneath a large white cross is a Catholic priest, a navy chaplain who has rickshawed over from the cathedral, where a little while before he had celebrated the nine-thirty Mass. That morning he had chatted in the cathedral garden with the saintly old bishop, long removed from his beloved France, who said: "Ah, *monsieur l'aumonier,* again you become lighthouse for the other people."

"Thank you, bishop," was the reply, "I hope I shan't be a dim one."

"Tell me, my son," inquired the bishop, "how did it come about that you were given this interesting assignment?"

It was then that the American priest told the venerable missionary of a spring evening in 1930 when the chaplains of the Asiatic fleet held a *gaudeamus* at the Manila Polo Club.

"We're all great buddies, Monseigneur, and we welcome a chance to fan the breeze (if you get what I mean) over our experiences. And there's probably no lovelier place in all the world to spend an evening than on the festive lawn of that Polo Club. We had the dinner placed beneath Oriental lanterns near the sea-wall, within earshot of the waves that swash the shores of Manila Bay. The chairs were set widely enough apart to permit the Filipino boys to 'flit' the air at brief intervals. It was funny the way they came every five minutes and pumped the gun under the table. But the voracious mosquitoes of Luzon were also in conference that evening. A memorable occasion, I assure you. . . . Not far in the darkness that hovered over the bay the man-of-war lights glimmered where the destroyers swung peacefully at anchor. There was charm in the moonlight on that tropic lawn, whose serenity was calculated to warm the cockles of any human heart, let alone those gold-braid servants of the Nazarene who, though divided in their respective loyalties and disciplines, were, none the less, united in friendship and in the basic business of their consecrated lives.

"The destroyer squadron whose summer base was at Chefoo had acquired a new chaplain, a Catholic priest. What would become of the non-denominational service known as 'Fleet Church'? This was the chief topic of discussion.

"At the table was a group of Protestant ministers, a Baptist, an Episcopalian and two Methodists, and the priest. In a few days the fleet would head for northern waters, and the navy families, too, like birds of passage would follow after, to build in North China their temporary nests, in circumstances trying both to body and soul. The ministers demanded then that the Catholic chaplain assume charge of the Protestant parish."

"Ah!" the good bishop interrupted with a smile. "They must have enjoyed the Burgundy."

"Well," continued the chaplain, "this proposal, in spite of many years of happy association with Protestant chaplains of the navy, rather shocked at first. Following closely as it did upon the recent campaign of ill-feeling among the voters of the United States, their decision acquired an especial importance. But would Chefoo stand for it? Would the Protestants come to hear the sermons of a priest? The ministers persisted. 'They'll come. . . . Don't worry . . . and the best of luck.' "

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"Yours is a grand opportunity, my son," the old prelate said. "I wish you success."

He had labored among the Chinese for forty long years. In the garden of St. Mary's that day in June the bishop approved of Fleet Church, and with great feeling he commended a congregation of exiles who were welcoming a "lighthouse" for, said he, "Are they not seeking the kindly light of truth?"

Chefoo, that summer and the summer following, experienced the unusual. Protestants of various denominations listened week in and week out to Catholic sermons on the Gospel of the day. They listened to the same words that were spoken each Sunday from the altar of St. Mary's.

GLORY AND TAXATION

By ALLEYNE IRELAND

ON AN early May morning of the year 1820 the Reverend Sydney Smith sat beside his study window and gazed with prideful satisfaction upon the ordered beauty of his garden. From out the blushing diadem of a pink hawthorn bush the full-throated song of a thrush hailed the dawn of the year's most glorious day—the day when spring casts her modesty to the scented breeze and proclaims to the countryside the awakening of her woman's heart.

Within the ancient walls bounding the cleric's narrow domain there reigned that immemorial peace which, for untold centuries, has lured the far-wandering sons of Britain home to some secluded spot where they can breathe an air made sacred by the affection of the living and by the memory of the dead.

But on this particular morning neither the tranquillity nor the beauty of his surroundings sufficed to afford more than a brief moment of solace to the troubled spirit of the future Canon Residential of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Though the victory of Waterloo and the banishment of Napoleon to the remote and jealously guarded isle of St. Helena had ministered most agreeably to the patriotic prelate's proper pride, the glory of these great events had, alas, suffered a sad diminishment at the hands of certain lewd emissaries of the government who persistently thrust upon his consideration the circumstance that national glory can be had only at a price, and that he, even he, must heed the tax-gatherer's urgings, lest a worse thing befall him.

Nor was this all, for, if it is a sour matter to be compelled to pay for one's victories, to be compelled to pay for one's defeats is the very essence of gall and wormwood. And thus it was, when the cost of the War of 1812 was superimposed upon the humiliating failure of Britain's loud-chanted navy to sweep from Britannia's ocean the upstart flotilla of the United States.

On the morning of which I write the kindly rector's genial tolerance went into reverse; and one may conjecture, from the consequences, that this rare phenomenon was produced by the receipt from the office of the *Edinburgh Review* of a copy of Adam Seybert's "Statistical Annals of the United States of America"—a work published in Philadelphia in 1818.

The perusal of this compendium furnished food for thought, and that not of the most soothing kind. There were painful references to the American navy, to the slenderness of American official salaries in contrast with the munificent emoluments of the higher ranks of the British civil service, to the flourishing state of American trade, and to the light hand which taxation laid upon the head of the American people.

Of these items the one about taxation was probably the cause of that outbreak of witty lamentation which I propose to lay before the reader for his comfort in his hour of tribulation.

On the subject of taxation the learned canon-to-be suffered at the time from a peculiar sensitiveness, for he could never forget that on his marriage day the sum total of his worldly wealth had been declared to consist of six small silver spoons. He was, however, too just a man to permit his work as a critic to be unduly influenced by his sufferings as a taxpayer.

Before launching his diatribe against the whole race and generation of tax-collectors he remarks that in 1791 the American navy consisted of a single vessel of war, the Alliance, and that she was deemed to be too expensive and was accordingly sold. He then declares that it would be the height of madness for the Americans to engage in another naval war with England; but he tempers this stepfatherly advice by paying a hearty tribute to the splendid fighting by the American ships during the War of 1812, then tempers this tempering by remarking that but for the opportune intervention of the Treaty of Ghent the American fleet would have been in a sad plight, and finally pays a well-merited compliment to David Porter and Stephen Decatur as "very brave men," dismissing them, however, with the comment that "they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory." I quote what then follows.

"We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: taxes upon everything which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything on earth and in the waters under the earth; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion; taxes on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value which is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite and on the drug which restores him to health, on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal, on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice, on the brass nails of the coffin and on the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

"The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road, and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid 7 percent into a spoon that has paid 15 percent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid 22 percent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of putting him to death.

"His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 percent; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

"In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers of the meanest and most odious description; while the prodigious patronage which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of the government, will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable to resist."

My natural modesty restrains me from offering an opinion as to whether or not David Porter and Stephen Decatur inflamed Jonathan into a love of naval glory, whether or not the American people have had the glory, and whether or not the price has measured up to the prediction of the Reverend Sydney Smith, sometime Prebendary of Bristol Cathedral and Dean of St. Paul's. These questions will, no doubt, arise in the minds of my readers.

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COMMUNICATIONS

MIXED MARRIAGES

Lenox, Mass.

TO the Editor: I have read the editorial in your issue of April 13 on "Mixed Marriages," in which you criticize the report of the Federal Council of Churches on the subject. The report objects to one religious body which forces requirements on the party to a mixed marriage who belongs to another communion. You infer quite rightly that this has reference to the Roman Catholic Church and you also point out, quite logically I think, that the Church does not "force" requirements on a non-Catholic party, since the marriage is of his or her making. The non-Catholic, not the Catholic Church, must bear the responsibility for any violation of conscience.

Yet, while granting the logic of your objection, I might point out how far it is from a sympathetic understanding of the non-Catholic's position. If a Protestant Christian, his church does not command him to demand requirements with respect to the Catholic's faith, and could not, without pretending to the absolute authority which the Roman Catholic Church claims. Besides, despite the fact that his "reason and conscience" may be offended by requirements to waive what he considers his religious rights with regard to his children, still he is moved by considerations of a higher loyalty than that of a devotion to his denomination merely; for he considers that the religion of Jesus is higher than and includes both Catholic and Protestant Christianity. Hence he may be able to put up with the requirements on that higher level, even though his disloyalty to his denomination may offend him on the lower level. While this lesser disloyalty is not, strictly speaking, "forced" on him, yet considerations of his duty to the happiness of the one he loves may cause him to break faith with his Protestant church. He sees his Protestant loyalty as at least narrower and dependent on his loyalty to the religion of Jesus, for he holds that the latter can be taught, though not so well, through the Catholic faith. Now that there should be a conflict in his loyalties to his denomination, his beloved, and Jesus, is due to the attitude of the Catholic Church, and therefore I hold that both from the narrower Protestant viewpoint and from the broader viewpoint of the inclusiveness of Christianity, the Federal Council report is essentially right in saying that such requirements made by any communion on the members of another are intolerable and wrong.

Yet I can understand that this may be otherwise from the viewpoint of Roman Catholicism, and I agree that the Catholic Church has the right to impose whatever requirements she pleases on the marriages she sanctions. If she holds the loss of Catholic faith by the children of such unions to be an irremediable calamity, she has the right to demand that they be brought up according to the practice of the Catholic faith. But if she intends to make conditions of this kind, it would be much more logical to forbid mixed marriages entirely. Statistics show, I believe, that more than half of the children of such marriages do not accept, or fall away from, the Catholic faith. Surely, no matter how literally the promises are kept, the non-Catholic parent cannot help imparting what religion he has to his children in considerable degree. Besides this, no matter how noble his nature, no Protestant to whom his faith means anything at all can avoid feeling an instinctive bitterness in swallowing the promises which his whole nature tells him are an unwarrantable and un-Christlike injustice, try he never so hard to sympathize with the logic that justifies them. This prejudices the happiness and success of the marriage at the outset and explains why an alarming number of such unions end in a way that the Catholic Church is the first to lament. It is hardly enough for the Church to point out dangers, since ardent love knows no dangers, even though they are the dangers of insufficient largeness of spirit in an adventure that will require the utmost tolerance, the exercise of prayer, and a reliance on the deepest values of Christian faith.

Therefore it would seem the logical thing, if the Catholic Church is bent on logic and must retain the promises, to refuse to permit mixed marriages at all. It is hardly necessary to point out the hard feelings, suspicion and unchristian animosity that this would reawaken in millions of Protestant hearts who, in speeding the work of the Kingdom of God, are just beginning to learn the lesson of coöperation and love with those whom they are increasingly coming to know as their Catholic brethren. Yet if it really is more important for Christians to be Catholics than for them to live and work together like Christians, then surely the Roman Catholic Church is not the one to shrink from the consequences of such logic.

THE PROTESTANT PARTY IN A MIXED MARRIAGE.

Editor's Note: An article on this question will be published soon.

LAUGHTER

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor: For the laugh that begins in the region of the umbilicus, gathers momentum as it reaches the esophagus, tickles the tongue, starts with a chuckle, and bellows forth from the lips in a Gargantuan crescendo; for the laugh that shuts off the breath between choking spasms, bringing tears to the eyes and a flush to the face; for the laugh that titillates the cerebellum so that a man kicks up his heels like a healthy infant; for the vagotonic laugh with sympathetic reactions throughout the entire central nervous system; for the laugh that induces a sense of well-being concomitant with the proper functioning of the human organism; for the laugh that distinguishes the male from the female (only the exceptional female has ever understood masculine laughter, regarding it as an expression of the males's innate coarseness); for the laugh that used to be heard frequently when a man could get a decent drink; for, in fine, what Mr. George Jean Nathan was first to call a belly laugh, I will, sir, go a long way and spend a sockful of shekels.

"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span, because to laugh is proper to the man," sings Rabelais. He knew the cleansing catharsis of laughter. Wit we have, and of irony aplenty, but implicit in them is a bitterness born of despair. They leave us stricken. But in humor we have faith and hope; humor is wit convalescent: wit wounds; humor heals. The difference is between Swiftian savagery and Rabelaisian robustness: wit stems from puritanism, humor from paganism.

Where are we to get our humor? Has the puritan ever produced it? Has his father, the Manichean, who denied the humanity of man? The answer is clear: no half-man can create humor. Neither can it come from protest. But both the pagan and the Catholic can create humor: both of them have succeeded.

On the other hand, a Catholicism which is tainted with Manicheism is a Catholicism without faith in the essential

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dignity of man. It is a negative Catholicism which seems to be the peculiar property of the middle-class Catholic. I can understand the Catholic peasant and the Catholic aristocrat, but I cannot understand the middle-class Catholic. With the puritan, he has succeeded in making virtue dull; with the puritan, he exalts classicism at the expense of romanticism; with the puritan, he prefers the appearance to the reality; with the puritan, he worships the gods of the market place; with the puritan, he has made the three balls of Lebanon respectable; with the puritan, he believes that man's tastes can be regulated by law; with the puritan, he believes the rights of property superior to the rights of man; with the puritan, he believes that the root of all evil lies in concupiscence and not in cupidity; with the puritan, he wars continually with the peasant and the gentleman; and with the puritan, he believes joy a crime and laughter a sin.

Do I indict this strange hybrid, the puritano-Catholic, too severely? Perhaps, but all I ask is that one look around a bit and observe dispassionately how far the Catholic has succumbed to the standards of his neighbors.

Not only his life but his literature reflects his degeneration. If humor is lacking in the writings of his puritan friends, so is it in his. There are, obviously, exceptions; but just as obviously those exceptions have their roots in paganism.

Humor ought to inhere in Catholic literature. I, a humorless fellow, yell for it like a baby yowls for his milk.

DONALD POWELL.

TWO VIEWS OF RUSSIA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The two outstanding American analyses of Russia's Procrustean experience are Hindus's "Humanity Uprooted" and Walsh's "The Last Stand," in the order of their publication. Both are remarkable books. That of Father Walsh is sometimes referred to as "partizan." Dr. John Dewey prefaces that of Mr. Maurice Hindus as phenomenally "objective." Their points of view are complementary; both are essential to the subject. Mr. Hindus's name would indicate that his complete detachment, his "objectivity," is not the mysterious thing it seems to be to Professor Dewey, but a perfectly natural thing. His attitude of mind would depend upon what kind of Russian he was before he grew to his fine maturity in America. He might, conceivably, observe the passing of all that Byzantine tradition with a quite comprehensible calm if his own inheritance were not part of it, and at the same time he could weigh dispassionately whatever he found of evil and of seeming good in the thing that is temporarily or perhaps permanently taking its place. He is especially well qualified to make that appraisal since he possesses the language of the people concerned, as well as a superb command of our own. That is so rare among the analysts of Russia's affairs as to put him in a place by himself. He can disregard principles. He can confine himself to reporting faithfully what he sees, and fitting it to what went before, out of his own knowledge.

Father Walsh, on the other hand, is and must be partizan, for he is concerned with principles only. In Bolshevism he sees correctly a system militantly subversive of all the fundamentals of Christianity and of those things the founders of America thought to make here: of all those things that proved so attractive to the rest of the world that their evolution has been dislocated and all but swept aside by the inrush of people seeking to take advantage of them.

Father Walsh is not and cannot be objective. He is champion of Christianity. He is eminently fair to his opponents, for he draws his premises and conclusions equally from their own fundamental doctrines and from the fundamentals of Christianity to show their irreconcilable conflict. He reads nothing into Bolshevist dogma: he takes it as it stands formulated by its creators.

Many readers of "Humanity Uprooted" have looked upon it as the most dangerously subtle of Bolshevist propaganda. I cannot see in it any such thing. I do remember, however, that it was "objectivity" that opened wide the doors for what Maxim Gorky called Lenin's "major operation without anaesthetics on the living body of Russia." The "objectivity" of the Russian intellectuals prepared the opportunity which Lenin and Trotzky seized in the first leaderless, purposeless days of the Revolution, as the latter set forth with such perfect accuracy in his articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Objectivity though eminently desirable in analysis can lead, if it becomes a permanent state of mind, to complete absence of principle.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

GOD GIVE US A TRUE LEADER!

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor: To solve our nation's most difficult problems today, the platform of any true leader of the people who is not a mere vote seeker need have only two planks upon which to concentrate: (1) the extension of private ownership to all, and (2) the elimination of abuse by the regulation of use; the first to have for its purpose the reëstablishment and maintenance of a balance of buying power by direct means, and the second, the reëstablishment of a semblance of respect for the law.

In the first case, the extension of buying power of the essentials of life to every individual possible must be accomplished by direct action of the government, namely, by devoting the entire proceeds of the income and excess profits tax directly to helping the underpaid wage earner and employee to own his own home or an insurance policy (perhaps government) up to a certain fixed valuation. To every dollar of the underpaid wage earner spent for this purpose should go a government dollar from excessive profits, to which these workers have a strict and prior right. The government has no right to use this money to pay its own bills until the rights of the injured worker are adjusted, and he should also be protected against dispossession by legal process during extended periods of enforced unemployment by a moratorium in his favor, and against employment-agency exploitation by federal coördination and regulation of these bureaus giving them a maximum efficiency.

In this manner the number depending upon charity would be minimized, working people be forced to provide for themselves in old age, sickness and unemployment without making it a burden to them, and capitalists be prevented from exploiting labor, thus eliminating the necessity for rigorous and monopolistic organization of labor which has also been the cause of much abuse.

In the second case, "the elimination of abuse by the regulation of use" is a principle that no one, dry or wet, could refuse to accept as a basis of coöperation. Taxes from government regulation of use would be directed toward the compulsory elimination of abuse and education as to the value of good example by total abstinence. By a system of double licensing of both buyer and producer, revokable upon conviction of abuse, with increasing penalties for subsequent convictions, cases for prosecution would be minimized and controlled, and private right thereby interfered with the least. The wishes of both drys and

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wets are thus met halfway without sacrificing the principle of either.

As it is, the country is divided in the defense of two false principles: the first is the "elimination of use by the regulation of abuse" (for even the drys do not claim to have eliminated but only to have curtailed abuse); and the second is the "abandonment of federal control [because it has failed] in favor of state control [which everybody knows has failed also]." The principle of the wets is of course very ill defined because they do not know which will make the greatest appeal or bring in the most votes, whereas the drys have been very clear in their own minds at least as to just what they have wanted, and stubbornly refuse to submit to a referendum.

Each side has stubbornly and bitterly refused to see the merits of the opposite side, looking only at its failure to do what it sets out to do. The failure is of course attributed by each to the false principle followed by the other side, and no effort is made to see the true principle which the other is trying to serve. In fact, feeling and pride have killed any true devotion to principle, as each considers the other's notion of principle as incompatible with his own—neither of course being much interested in God's idea of the true principle involved, which is never incompatible with man's interest. This is characteristic of a people who say in practice, "Anything for the cause of truth except my will in obedience to Truth," which is the one thing essential to man's happiness.

For happiness is the reward for being true to the end for which we exist; our personal desires are the intrinsic means of directing us to that end; and principles are our extrinsic guide. The will is the instrument for directing and shaping our destiny according to our personality, and if this be not submitted to a Truth outside ourselves and our own opinions, it is no wonder we cannot see the position of other people, for we quickly become selfish and attached to our own private judgment, which is in the final analysis at the root of so much of the confusion!

EVERETT R. HARMAN.

BISHOP PERRY AND THREE DOCTORS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: On January 10, 1932, the Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America preached a sermon, in reply to the encyclical, "Lux Veritatis," in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City. In the course of his sermon he quoted from three Doctors of the Church, Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine and Saint Athanasius.

On January 25 the New York *Times* printed a report of a sermon by a Catholic priest who maintained that the words ascribed by the bishop to Saint Jerome were not written by Saint Jerome and misrepresented the meaning of the passage of which they purported to be a translation. It was also asserted that the words quoted from Saint Athanasius misrepresented the teaching of this Doctor.

On January 24 a pastoral letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, was read in all the Catholic churches of the archdiocese, pointing out that the three Fathers, quoted by Bishop Perry, were champions of the authority of the Holy See.

On January 30 *America* published an article by Father John La Farge, S.J., entitled "Bishop Perry and the Pope," in which it was shown that the bishop had published garbled texts from Saint Jerome and Saint Athanasius.

On February 14 a sermon was preached in St. Leo's Church, New York, in which the preacher pointed out that Bishop Gore's book, "Roman Catholic Claims," was in all likelihood the source from which the bishop's misrepresentations of the Fathers were derived, and expressed astonishment that a book completely discredited in 1905 should still be used by Anglicans.

On February 24 there appeared in THE COMMONWEAL an article by Father T. Lawrason Riggs, in which the bishop's appeal to Athanasius, Augustine and Jerome was shown to misrepresent the teaching of these Fathers.

In regard to these expositions of the bishop's errors the only statement that we have seen in the public press was an answer to some reporter that the bishop had stated his position on church unity and had no desire to "quibble over details."

When the bishop's sermon was printed in the newspapers, an inquirer wrote to ascertain where the texts of the Fathers might be found and was promptly answered by the bishop's secretary. On April 28 this inquirer received, "with the compliments of the Presiding Bishop," a printed copy of the sermon preached on January 10. This copy contains in the footnotes two quotations in Latin and one in Greek. Nothing else has been added.

How can the bishop allow copies of this sermon to be sent out and thus continue his flagrant misrepresentations of the Fathers of the Church, and how can Anglicans trust him as a teacher when he does so?

REV. JOHN CORBETT, S.J.

RELIGION IN THE CURRICULUM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In a communication in your issue of April 27, Anna Connell Walsh states that Catholic scholars are "apathetic in having their publications listed in the bibliographies issued by the various learned societies . . . and thus brought to the notice of non-Catholics as well as Catholic workers in the fields." It seems to me that just the opposite is true in many cases. Catholic writers are trying hard to get their books not only in bibliographies but also into public libraries and before the eyes of the people of other persuasions, but it is exceedingly difficult to do so.

Some recent examples may suffice to illustrate this. A Catholic publishing house sent an advertisement for a book on sex education to a well-known parents' magazine, but the copy was speedily returned with the explanation: "The booklet presents a specialized point of view and cannot be appropriately advertised in our magazine, which does not deal with any sectarian matters." The truth, however, is that this editor considers everything that is Catholic as sectarian, and everything else as not so. As to the public libraries, the following may serve. For the last five years, I have conducted leadership courses in which two books are used as complementary reading. During these years students asking for the books at public libraries in all parts of the city have received the reply, "We will try to get it for you," which was soon followed by a card saying, "The books asked for are not available." As to bibliographies, I have taken the time to examine the series of reports of the last White House Conference on children so far issued, and have found no books included that present the Catholic viewpoint, although Catholic authors were members of the committees. Of course, the "tooters" are well represented.

The trouble lies not so much with the Catholic scholars. It lies elsewhere. The American public, learned as well as otherwise, looks for what is sensational, erratic, novel, extraordinary, without examining whether the label fits the contents and without special desire or regard for true wisdom and revealed truth.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.M.Cap.

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THE RELIGION OF ROENTGEN

San Antonio, Tex.

TO the Editor: I should like to correct an error which seems to be widespread among the Catholic writers and journalists of the United States, namely, that Roentgen, discoverer of the so-called X-rays, was a Catholic. It is to be presumed that this error arose from the inclusion of the name of Roentgen in the list of distinguished Catholic scientists in the English edition of Devivier's "Christian Apologetics." The error is repeated in those excellent works, "The Catholic Church and Its Reactions with Science" and "Twelve Catholic Men of Science," the one written and the other edited by the late Sir Bertram C. A. Windle.

In the first-mentioned work (page 35) the author writes as follows: "The strange thing is that publishers familiar, one must charitably suppose, with the names of Pasteur, Mendel, Roentgen and many another 'respective adherent' of both Roman Christianity and science could allow an edition to go forth to the world with such a palpable and obvious falsehood still uncorrected." It will be noticed that the concluding words of this quotation aptly specify the very mistake which this communication seeks to prevent.

Your correspondent happens to know for certain that Roentgen was a member of some branch of the Lutheran Church. This knowledge is based on the fact that the writer was a student of Roentgen at the University of Munich from 1904 to 1907. Later, during a three years' sojourn in Munich, from 1921 to 1924, he was privileged to renew his acquaintance with his distinguished teacher. During this latter period also he had the melancholy opportunity of being present at the funeral of the famous physicist which took place February 12, 1923. On that occasion the minister of the Lutheran congregation to which Roentgen belonged performed the last rites, and bore public testimony to his character as a sincerely Christian gentleman. Moreover, the remains were cremated.

These details should be sufficient to dispose of the false impression that Roentgen was a Catholic. Such erroneous statements can serve no good purpose. They rather injure the cause of Catholic apologetics, since they are likely to cast doubt on statements concerning the many other leading scientists who were and are faithful members of the Catholic Church.

Hence, your correspondent deems it advisable in the interests of truth to make the above facts known to the public.

REV. J. P. DONAGHEY.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In a recent letter in your columns, Mr. William Franklin Sands finds fault with Father Francis Borgia Steck's review of Thorning's "Religious Liberty in Transition" (1931) in which the reviewer expressed his personal opinion: "The fact is—and we ought to admit it—that not mere toleration as in Maryland and in Pennsylvania, but complete and unrestricted liberty in matters of religious belief and practice, was proclaimed by the lively experiment of Roger Williams" (*Fortnightly Review*, January, 1932). Father Steck may not be a Maryland enthusiast, but he obviously wrote with no disparagement of the short-lived Maryland experiment during the sway of its early Catholic proprietors. Mr. Sands continues, "While I have not yet read Father Thorning's book, if he is correctly quoted, there seems to be a touch of the usual disparagement of the Maryland experiment in it as well as in his reviewer's comment."

As one who had a slight connection with this book in the making, I would like to suggest, in the absence of Doctor Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., who is in Geneva studying foreign affairs, that if Mr. Sands will read Doctor Thorning's volume he will find that there is no disparagement of Maryland or of Marylanders, Catholic or Evangelical, and that there is no reference to Maryland in the brief account of religious liberty in Rhode Island.

Father Thorning hopes to continue this study of New England with a volume tracing the gradual growth of toleration in the Central and Southern colony-states. In this projected work, I have no doubt that he will write of Maryland in the tone of scholarly criticism which marks his initial volume. Incidentally, there is room for a critical survey of the whole history of Maryland which would clear up a number of interesting points besides its contribution of the principle of toleration: the penal days, the rise and decline of Puritan influence, an actual interpretation of the local forces for the Revolution, the disposal of the confiscated loyalist estates, the patronizing reception of Irish immigrants, nativist strength in the forties and fifties, and losses of faith among the old Catholic families.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

THE LABYRINTH

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Perhaps this might interest you. When the urge to travel descends on me and as just now I have no money to indulge this whim, I always remember that THE COMMONWEAL'S office remains yet to be found. Soon after your birth I recommended you to a fussy professor of my acquaintance, who spent his whole Saturday in locating your office to secure a sample copy. He has never been the same to me since, though doubtless he has forgiven me.

The other evening I was in the Chrysler Building, and I remembered you must be near. Being the only native New Yorker over 16 residing on Manhattan Island (His Eminence and His ex-Excellency excepted), I am naturally timid and not so well acquainted among our famous skyscrapers, speakeasies, etc. I got lost and found myself in lofty corridors which turned out to by the Graybar Building.

This I ascertained from an attendant whom I approached with a badly disguised Western boldness and who, with the patience shown the feeble-minded, said I was not in the Grand Central Terminal, and directed me to track number 23. I assured him I wanted no train, but he insisted most courteously that there was a magazine about some kind of a wheel thereabouts, and that track number 23 was the only place for me. Even I saw the connection between wheels and tracks, but I was too discouraged to try further and hastened along Lexington Avenue to gaze at the beautiful, automatic, silvery doors in Childs'—while you remain still to be explored!

M. E. M.

In reply to many inquiries, be it said: THE COMMONWEAL *is easy to find if you know how. Having taken his stand beside the information booth in the upper lobby of the Terminal, the seeker faces the model of St. John the Divine. Office elevators diagonally to the right will convey him or her to the fourth floor, on which it is a matter of straight ahead and keep your eyes open.—The Editors.*

The title page and index for Volume XV of THE COMMONWEAL *are now ready, and will be sent upon request.*

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BOOKS

Hawthorne's Friend

Franklin Pierce: Young Hickory of the Granite Hill, by Roy F. Nichols. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $5.00.

WHIG campaigners in 1852 taunted Democrats with the question: Who is Pierce? And no one was certain! Nathaniel Hawthorne's campaign biography of his friend and patron clouded rather than explained Pierce's career, as good sketches of dark-horse candidates should. In time Pierce was quite forgotten. Professor Nichols of the University of Pennsylvania identifies Franklin Pierce in a friendly but apologetic spirit, in a large book on a smallish man. It is a work well done, scholarly in research, fair in attitude, detailed in narrative almost to weariness, interpretative of Pierce in New Hampshire factionism and in national politics, and sound if not original in its presentation of that chaotic political bedlam of the fifties.

Franklin Pierce was the son of Benjamin, a rugged and unlettered squire who fought in the Revolution, and was governor of New Hampshire. His mother, a lovable, mercurial woman, bore a large family but carried her liquor poorly for that Scotch-Irish center. Educated at Bowdoin, Pierce later read law and practised in Hillsboro. As a Jacksonian Democrat, he served three terms in the legislature, of which he became speaker, and was elected to Congress where he voted blindly as a party man. He married Jane, the daughter of President Appleton of Bowdoin. Despite his hostility to abolition, West Point and Whiggery in general and his addiction to drink and patronage for his family, he made friends both in New Hampshire and Washington. Elected to the Senate, he resigned in 1842 to practise law in Concord, to join in the temperance crusade, to battle with John P. Hale, and to fight the railroad interests.

Declining the Attorney-generalship in the Polk Cabinet, Pierce obtained a political generalcy in the Mexican War. As a soldier he made no record, but the later Whig charges of cowardice under fire were without justification. While enthusiastic as a Democrat of Southern leanings and a loyal administration man, Pierce at heart was a pacifist. Returning to Concord, he took a cautious part in the convention which offered an amendment to the constitution eliminating religious and property tests for office-holding, but the amendment failed to receive the necessary popular vote. Suddenly the Democratic National Convention in a deadlock turned to Pierce.

Pierce did not campaign actively, although he was polite to hundreds of politicians who visited Concord, and through his friends sought to refute charges of cowardice in the Mexican War, of drunkenness and of anti-Catholic leanings. The anti-Catholic charge was featured in the large Eastern cities where Whig politicians blamed the constitutional intolerance of New Hampshire on that state's Democratic majority. Influential Catholic politicians were appealed to successfully by Pierce who feared a Catholic stampede to General Scott. August Belmont proved a generous angel, and the Whigs, North and South, were disagreeing heartily over slavery and the Compromise of 1850. So Pierce went to the White House.

His administration began with the tragic death of his little son which burdened him with grief, a distraught wife, and a weakening of self-confidence. He actually became religious, attending Methodist and Presbyterian meeting-houses. His Cabinet appointments passed muster, and in several political appointments Pierce remembered his friends.

"Doughface" Pierce, the Northerner with a Southern soul, faced every difficulty: the hostility of the New York press, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, a disgruntled Douglas, the Ostend Manifesto, Belmont-Rothschild-Baring intrigues in Cuba, Know-Nothing successes and riots, land speculations, Crimean War recruiting, the bloody tangle in Kansas, and the rise of a crusading Republicanism. Weak and proud but honest, Pierce fought nativism but could not control factionism in his own party, or build a personal machine. Interests of the party demanded a new leader, and Pierce was thrown aside for Buchanan, a more astute and experienced politician.

Traveling, garnering an occasional honorary degree, dabbling in New Hampshire politics, and urging the fortunes of Jefferson Davis occupied his next four years. Courageous enough to follow his mind during "this fearful, fruitless and fatal Civil War," Pierce was dubbed a copperhead and lost most of his friends. He turned again to liquor and to Episcopalianism as abolition sermons in Congregational meeting-houses were most distasteful. Unhappy, he lived neglected until 1869, when Grant honored his name by declaring a period of mourning—but there were few mourners.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Are These Our Children?

Fifty-five "Bad" Boys, by Samuel W. Hartwell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THE TITLE of this brief review of Dr. Hartwell's important book is also that of a recent film, crude and exaggerated, but moving and sincere, evidently suggested by the notorious Francis Crowley case. It may be recalled that the Irish lad, who was the deplorable "hero" of that affair, could not be explained in terms of an impossible environment. He lived, as I remember it, with an excellent foster-mother who was devoted to him, and to whom he was, in his own way, kind. Save for his lurid apotheosis, which writing still maintains, Francis Crowley reminds one of many a case here presented with a subtle sympathy which makes for the highest interest in Dr. Hartwell's study. Of the fifty-five "bad" boys in the volume, only a percentage belong to what is technically called the delinquent class. The others are inferior, neurotic, mistreated, depraved by an adult, unloved, unwanted, what you will; but hardly one is a real, or even a potential, criminal, save in the sense that we are all potential criminals. And this is the first dramatic interest and value of the book. After finishing it for the second time, one says in his soul and conscience: "There, but for the grace of God, go I!"

I suppose that Dr. Hartwell's method (he is now director of the Worcester Child Guidance Clinic) might best be described in his own words as one of "preventive psychotherapy." It is the same method which used to be ascribed to the Jesuits, considered as masters of youth. Get in touch with an unhappy or maladjusted child early enough, gain his confidence, develop his latent loyalties to someone or something, and perhaps, in certain cases, one will have saved him from—well, from the natural end which awaits Francis Crowley. Case No. 15 (the names are disguised) is especially interesting in this connection. It is that of a youth of Greek or Italian origin, described as "unusually attractive and alert," sprung from "a family situation as bad as can be imagined," who ultimately was not warped because of a capacity for loyalty. He was even loyal to his worthless parents and brothers, to his miserable environment, and "he derived his life satisfaction from these loyalties themselves." Take it how you will, such a case represents a victory of the human soul.

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It is often asked: What does a psychiatrist, even one like Dr. Hartwell, do for a boy with such problems, that a parent or a priest cannot do? Accepting the fact that in a large number of cases the parents are dead, or delinquent themselves, that the average priest lacks the time or requisite knowledge, that the majority of this physician's boys came from non-Catholic families, etc., one is logically compelled to fall back upon Dr. Hartwell's own answer: "Nothing, provided that a parent or friend can disassociate his own problems from those of the boy, and look at the world and its experiences through the boy's eyes." It is a good answer, and one highly indicative of the secret and nature of Dr. Hartwell's success.

A child comes into the world in much greater need of help than a young animal. The latter can take care of itself by instinct. The growing child depends upon association with parents and others in a peculiarly dynamic environment. Molding the individual child into the right cast of civilization, morality, religion, is thus made possible, and is the most important problem facing the world today, since upon its success rests, in a human sense, the success of the race. No child should feel inferior, unloved, unwanted or afraid. "Let civilizations crumble and nations fall," said Chesterton long ago in a splendid passage, "but not one of its hairs shall be touched!" In his summary Dr. Hartwell records very modestly that out of the fifty-five cases considered, twenty-eight show a successful outcome, by which he means permanent changes of personality. It is a very noble record. But not every child-psychiatrist resembles Dr. Hartwell. Not every priest, for that matter, working among the young, resembles Father Kirch. For instance, one finds idiots at Columbia and elsewhere declaring in literal language that "the fairy-tale must go." "I say once for all," says Dr. Stiggins in Arthur Machen's amusing satire of the same name, "history must be abolished." And once is sometimes tempted to wish that salvation were not so apparently conditioned by perfunctory participation in the sacraments and the parish band. In a recent encyclical by a grand and enlightened Pontiff there are certain phrases strongly suggesting Dr. Hartwell's "preventive psychotherapy" phrases, which, one hopes, will be read more than once by those whom they concern.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Concord's Sage

The Life of Emerson, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

FEW WRITERS have had a higher sense of responsibility to their craft than Van Wyck Brooks. He has recognized not merely the obligation to attain such perfection of technique as one may, but also the deeper, less often acknowledged demand upon the writer, to sense his own position and that of his profession in relation to the rest of society. As a result, his writings, taken together, form a kind of spiritual autobiography of the literary group in America in the first quarter of the century. In that autobiography, the dominant note until recently has been the sense of frustration. This was not due to material considerations; never have the financial rewards of successful authorship been so great. But royalties and vital influence are two entirely different things. Our writers felt separated from their public; they could see the evils of the day but could make no headway against them; the springs of inspiration seemed dry. Failure was written everywhere: in the small town and the metropolis, at Spoon River and Gopher Prairie, but equally in Boston, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, and even in our writers themselves, the best of them—

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NEXT WEEK

TODAY AND NEXT NOVEMBER, by Charles Willis Thompson, who is recognized as one of the most experienced and astute political observers in the United States, tells of the unexpected brightening of the Republicans' prospects in the forthcoming presidential election. He prophesies that the campaign will be fought out with the Republican party taking the offensive and charging that the Democrats cannot pull together, and therefore are not to be trusted with the government. The writer analyzes the strength of the "stop-Roosevelt" movement and the bases for the dissatisfaction with Governor Roosevelt. . . . THE SPIRIT OF BISHOP SHAHAN, by the Reverend Speer Strahan, is a most stirring and touching record of the life of a great priest, great in heart and head, great in his sympathy and his unselfish works for the *plebs tua sancta* of the canon of the Mass, and his understanding and work for the higher intellectual life of the Catholic Church in our country. . . . SHORT SELLING, by Martin Marwill, jr., is by a writer who has had experience as a bank examiner, has been intimately associated with the workings of the Federal Reserve System, and knows the ins and outs of the stock market. On the mooted subject of the social effect of short selling he throws clear light and points out that the suppression of short selling alone would have an unbalancing effect on the selling of securities, which would ultimately work disastrously to the disadvantage of investors and business in general. . . . A YEAR OF THE SPANISH REPUBLIC, by Robert Sencourt, a distinguished commentator on foreign affairs, reports a popular movement for the restoration of the monarchy in Spain and the lengths to which the Republicans resort to keep themselves in power.

a Mark Twain, a Henry James. This defeatist mood produced a notable literature of criticism, but it is now passing, if not yet entirely past. And Van Wyck Brooks, who led the vanguard of this school—before Mencken, before Sinclair Lewis—in his "Life of Emerson" begun some years ago is equally a prophet of the new dispensation.

It would have been a careless reader of Mr. Brooks's earlier works who did not see that his dissatisfaction with American life and letters was based upon the uncompromising austerity of his standards and upon a persistent, if clouded, hope. He was in search of a hero, and all the time his hero had existed—once. Emerson, he now attempts to show us, was all, or almost all, that an American writer should be in his own day and generation. There is, however, no explicit statement of this underlying thesis; less than any other of Mr. Brooks's writings is this a work of deliberate propaganda. He endeavors simply to give us a most intimate acquaintance with Emerson's life and thought; if, knowing him thus intimately, we like the man, well; if not, we are free to pass by on the other side.

In a very real sense, this is a new kind of biography. It could only be successful with one who, like Emerson, wrote voluminously and kept diaries or journals recording his inner experiences. Mr. Brooks has first saturated himself with Emerson's thought; he then presents Emerson's own life and that of the whole Concord group as seen through Emerson's eyes. A dangerous method—but with a man so self-conscious as Emerson happened to be, this subjective approach does little wrong to outward facts. One gets all the inner conflicts below the surface of the apostle of serenity: the struggle of the born hermit to socialize himself, how successfully is seen in the amazing number of his interests and acquaintances; the struggle of the antinomian, less successfully, to adapt himself to group movements; the struggle, everywhere triumphant, to preserve his own integrity from any alien smirch.

No less intimate is Mr. Brooks's presentation of Emerson's associates. There are incomparable portraits of Aunt Mary Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Ellery Channing—all as seen through the telescopic lens of Emerson. Never once does Mr. Brooks fall out of the charmed circle of this deliberate enclosure. Never once does he advance a criticism which did not occur to Emerson himself. That the circle is so large that its circumference, before the book is done, includes Europe and the Pacific Coast, is the best testimony to the merit of Mr. Brooks's method as well as to the greatness of his subject.

Such a work necessarily has the defects of its qualities. The unregenerate reader may long for some criticism from outside the circle, some recognition of the thinness of Emerson's metaphysics and of the ill-adaptability of his individualism to serve us fruitfully today; such recognition the author, whether he shares it or not, resolutely denies us. More serious is a certain incompatibility between Mr. Brooks's naturally involved style and Emerson's spare, taut phrases; sections of Emerson's writings, paraphrased in Mr. Brooks's glowing phraseology, have a rhetorical glitter foreign to their author. Which, perhaps, is only to say that the endeavor of a twentieth-century writer to recapture the Concord dream could not in the nature of the case be literally successful. That our contemporary complexities unknown to Emerson have crept only into Mr. Brooks's unconscious style, and not into his deliberate treatment of his subject, is as much as could fairly be demanded. One gets closest to Emerson in reading Emerson himself; next to that, certainly, in reading Mr. Van Wyck Brooks.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

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League Era in American Politics

The United States and the League of Nations, by D. F. Fleming. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

FEW CONTROVERSIES in American history have been more bitterly waged, few more tragic in the enmities created, than that to which Woodrow Wilson gave birth by the part he played in bringing the League of Nations into existence. Dr. Fleming supplies to the student of this period a fully documented story of the rise and fall of the League of Nations idea in the realm of American practical politics. The volume is an outgrowth of his former extensive study of "The Treaty Veto of the American Senate." Although predisposed to acceptance of Wilson's leadership against what he conceived to be the challenge to modern civilization by militarized nations that denied the existence of law or right, the author's exhaustive and orderly sequence of available facts is presented with fairness to both sides of the controversy.

A university student in 1914, Dr. Fleming, like millions of young men of the period, saw in Wilson's evangel visions of a new heaven and a new earth. It was a war to end war. So said all the Allied nations as they called upon youth to sacrifice its hopes of years to come on the altar of world peace. If Wilson failed to reconcile his ideals with the practical outlook on world affairs of the Senate, the future historian, with greater advantage in objectivity of interpretation, may discover the cause not in any irreconcilability of Wilson's ideals with those of the Senate, but in the gulf that separated an idealistic America from a militarized Europe.

Much light is thrown by Dr. Fleming on the organized opposition to Wilson's proposals by American influences not wholly detached from motives foreign to the League discussion. The hostility of Irish leaders and of prominent Republicans, it is true, had its origin in personal antagonism for which Wilson cannot be held altogether blameless, but the opposition finally of these to the League proposals must be sought in arguments which constituted in the main the grounds on which the Senate rested its opposition to American participation in the League of Nations. Wilson's attitude in ignoring Republican leaders and the Senate in the selection of advisers at the Versailles Peace Conference, was not calculated to create enthusiasm for a league the ostensible aim of which was to bridge over international difficulties by substituting consultation and coöperation for diplomatic discussion and conflict.

As a work of research this volume will be found a comprehensive index to the League controversy. Prominent figures in American and international politics pass before the footlights. Both sides to the discussion will find within it a rich mine of material which throws a vivid light on the motives and actions of the chief actors in the drama.

LINDSAY CRAWFORD.

Drama in Perspective

The Theatre from Athens to Broadway, by Thomas Wood Stevens. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

BOOKS about the history of the stage are often dull and pedantic. Such books are written from the printed page; the action and color of the playhouse is absent. Mr. Stevens's book is different; it is the work of an active man of the theatre. He has taken an able part in the Little Theatre Movement, and his productions have been competent and varied from modern to ancient. He is aware of the physical and social conditions which have influenced and shaped the destiny of the theatre, with definite demands and limitations, from the Greek amphi-

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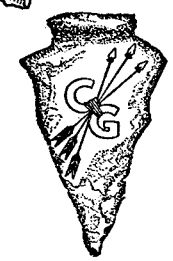

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Such long-forgotten chapters in theatre history as that of mystery, miracle and morality plays are arrestingly retold. The gusto of the middle ages refreshes the account of the folk genre. The adventurous story of the *commédia dell' arte* recalls antique romance and led to comedy of intrigue in the hands of the prolific Goldini. And classicism and the reign of Louis XIV live again with Molière, his band of strolling players, and the advent of French tragedy. The part that actors played in assisting the writing of great plays compels attention is viewing the glorious Elizabethan era. For the actor has always both stimulated the writing of plays and kept drama alive, and his rôle in Mr. Stevens's outline is appreciatively recognized.

This drama survey is short, wisely selective and comprehensive. The modern chapters are excellent. The contributions of Ibsen, Antoine's *Théâtre Libre,* the Moscow players, Miss Hornimann's work and the Abbey Playhouse in Dublin are reviewed with enlightening interpretation. For those who would understand more fully the new stage craft, expressionism and constructivism, these efforts of the moderns are clearly explained. It is a record short on philosophical meanings, and long on the practical workings of the theatre in all its departments. It is an informing and stimulating work.

EDWIN CLARK.

Gordon's Foe

The Mahdi of Allah, by Richard A. Bermann. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

YEARS ago Britain was really an imperial power, bent on adding to the Queen's domains. And she in turn happened to be a demure and easily shocked little person who scarcely seems capable of having known what her empire really meant. But Blackwoods and then Kipling were there to tell her, and knights as gallant as "Chinese" Gordon must have had one of her gloves tucked somewhere about their persons. At any rate, the vast designs of Britain in Africa led from one dashing charge to another. And the mystery of the world that Englishmen dealt with in Africa has fascinated even those inclined to believe that backward continents are dull places.

Mr. Bermann's book is about Africa, and it is an exceptionally good book. Theoretically he is assumed to be writing of the Mahdi who resisted Gordon and ultimately conquered him, retaining the head of his assassinated foe as a souvenir. That the said Mahdi figures in the story is quite true, but he is deftly subordinated to that which most interests the author—that medley of human beings, muck, bugs and ideals which constitutes the African scene. This is described impressionistically, with a woodcut-like staccato which many Germans now affect in an endeavor to compromise gracefully with the *Neue Sachlichkeit.* Mr. Bermann is a Viennese journalist and an unusually competent one. This fact was of great advantage in writing the present book, because much precious information was gleaned from Austrian and German travelers.

It is seldom that a volume of this character turns out to be so eminently satisfying. A well-packed literary hamper, it is nevertheless always appetizing. Mr. Winston Churchill supplies an introduction adorned with his usual virtues. One has a fancy that readers who skim over twenty pages of "The Mahdi of Allah" will read it through and then start over again. A note of scepticism is, perhaps, unwisely sounded.

PAUL CROWLEY.

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Memories

Return to Yesterday, by Ford Madox Ford. New York: Horace Liveright, Incorporated. $4.00.

THOUGH the suspicion will not down that strict truth at times takes a holiday in Mr. Ford's book, it is at least a very delightful holiday. If Henry James didn't say exactly the things about Mr. Kipling in exactly the way Mr. Ford reports them, he ought to have. And to be just to Mr. Ford, he disclaims factual accuracy. Indeed he boldly says, "Our geese must be swans." Mr. Ford loves swans and they sail majestically through his pages, flap their wings and even sing their songs.

Besides James, there are Stephen Crane, and Ramsay MacDonald, and Lloyd George, and Prince Kropotkin, and Ambassador Page, and half a hundred others, with Conrad on every other page. Whether Mr. Ford was really as important an adjunct to the genius of Conrad as the readers of his book might be led to believe has been a mooted question, and will probably continue to be such until Mr. Ford is no longer on this earth. But he certainly did collaborate with Conrad on two of his books, even though they are two of his least important. So let Mr. Ford have his day of triumph, a day for which one is well repaid by his geniality, his humor, and his gusto. There are things in the book too which will be enjoyed by other than book-lovers, notably Mr. Ford's cure for indigestion, which he asserts began at the Players Club in New York with a meal of grilled lobster and ale.

"Return to Yesterday" isn't an important book, but it is a delightful one. It was probably written to amuse, both its author and the public, and it succeeds in the latter aim as it certainly succeeded in the former.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

A Convert

The Story of Antoinette Margot, by Reverend Thomas D. Williams. Baltimore: John Murphy Company. $1.50.

TWO NAMES more widely known than that of Antoinette Margot loom large in the recital of her story, that of Saint Jean Vianney, the much beloved Curé of Arts, and that of Clara Barton, of Red Cross fame.

Antoinette Margot had been very strictly reared in Evangelical Protestantism, and although in her youth she lived neighbor to Jean Baptist Vianney, the Curé of Ars, she knew nothing of him until some years after his death, when a miracle performed at his tomb restored to her the Faith that had been lost to so many generations of her family.

When she went upon the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War as a volunteer nurse, she met Clara Barton and worked side by side with her for a number of years. Their friendship later brought Miss Margot to America and to Washington, where her almost forty years of unpretentious charity and sanctity of life have left fragrant memories.

At the instance of her spiritual adviser, Miss Margot began the writing of her memoirs, but her task was cut short by death. As far as possible Father Williams uses her own words, and they reveal many a lovely story. One of the most charming is that of her private audience with Pope Pius X in 1910.

Father Williams, whose "Concordances" are so well and so favorably known, especially to the clergy, displays in the writing of this engaging story yet another phase of his literary versatility. He adds to his gift of narrator a devotion to his subject—he was for years Miss Margot's very close friend and spiritual counselor.

LINDA MALEY O'HARA.

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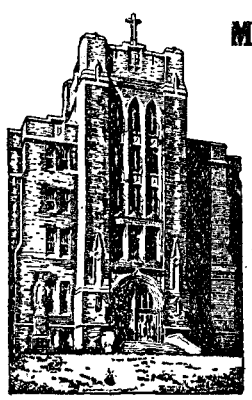
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Briefer Mention

College Shakespeare, by William John Tucker. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.00.

NOT A few books have already been devoted to Shakespeare, but Professor Tucker is nothing daunted. Convinced as so many before him have been that "teaching ruins the bard," he has set out to render the matter interesting and comprehendable. The surprising thing is his success—his ability to skim the cream from interminable commentators and offer it in the form of an appealing and easily assimilable frappé. We note with especial pleasure the notable saneness of his comments on the "Catholic" aspects of the Shakespeare plays. Without going into detail, he makes it abundantly evident that trying to understand "Hamlet" without help from the Church has been well-nigh fatal to the literary discernment of several modern critics. Professor Tucker also has other claims to the title of level-headed and encouraging teacher. He is even sane on the biographical issues, which happens to be a rare virtue. All in all, this is a valuable college book which can likewise be used for reading and discussion clubs.

The Story of Common Things, by Louis Ehrenfeld; illustrated by Joe Richards. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

REALLY this is the story of the chemistry of common things. It reveals the marvelous intricacy, precarious, almost explosive, balance of forces, and man's remarkable ingenuity in the control of these forces which characterize objects of our daily and casual use. The author is curator of chemistry in the Museum of Science and Industry, Chicago. The book is written with painstaking simplicity; children and young people would no doubt be fascinated by it, and the great movie public that is reputed to have the intelligence of an eight-year-old child would be amazed but not bewildered. The effective illustrations have a more artful simplicity.

Swift's Satires and Personal Writings. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM ALFRED EDDY has supervised this edition of Swift's personalia and shorter compositions, which is included in the Oxford Standard Authors. The "Journal to Stella" appears in abbreviated form, and the familiar ironical or satirical pieces are all given complete. The result is an unusually interesting and many-sided book. The notes are brief but good.

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